

The Sketch



No. 581.—VOL. XLV.

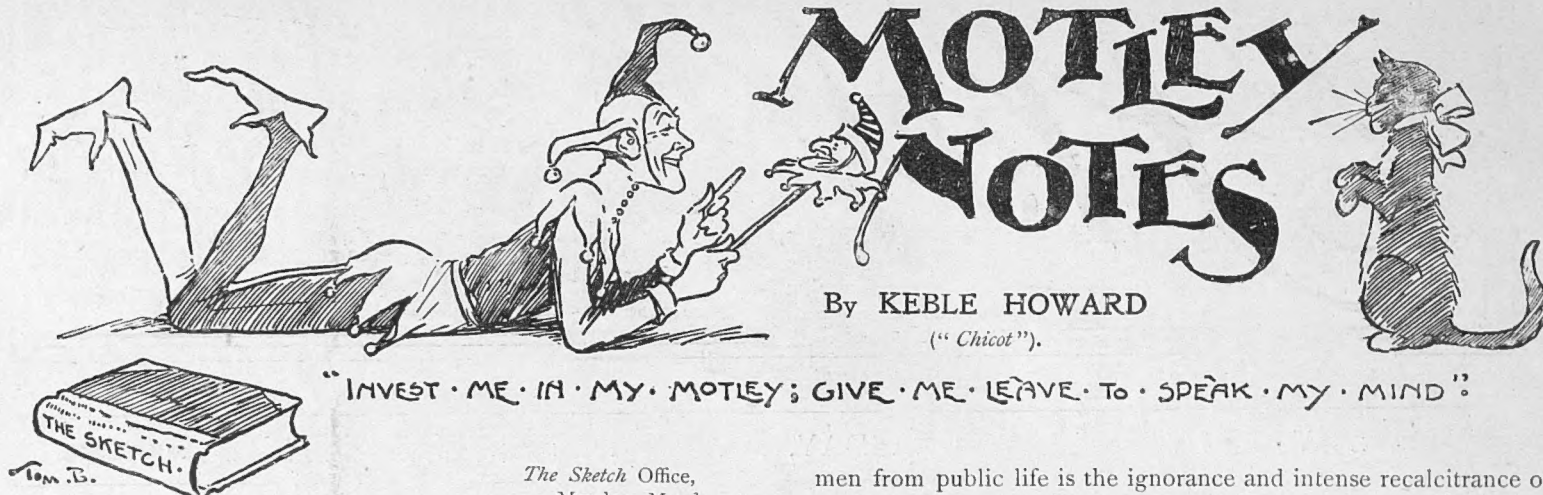
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS NINA SEVENING, NOW PLAYING IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, March 14.

EVERYBODY in the theatrical world knows Mrs. Alec Tweedie, and Mrs. Tweedie knows everybody who is anybody in any world. At any rate, there is hardly a well-known actor or actress, English or American, about whom she does not tell some intimate little story in this new volume of theatrical gossip called "Behind the Footlights." As lightly as possible, the author jumps from Mrs. Kendal to the younger Miss Maude, anon returning, by way of Weedon Grossmith and Anthony Hope, to Sir Henry Irving. Quiet chats in cosy corners are faithfully recorded; childish reminiscences jostle with yesterday's impressions; a clever quip of Mr. Buskin paves the way for the downfall of Miss Second-Row. Every jest, thanks to Mrs. Tweedie, has its aphorism; every story, I am glad to note, has its moral. No volume could be better calculated to warn the butterfly cook from the flare of the footlights. The price of the book, unfortunately, places it beyond the reach of most cooks, but it is to be hoped that Mrs. Tweedie will arrange to give a series of readings at Exeter Hall. Failing that, the terrible succession of débâcles must continue until such time as the publishers decide to issue a cheap edition. In the cause of humanity, therefore, the rich and safe are urged to send in their orders as quickly as possible.

In the meantime, one can at least endeavour to stem the torrent by the aid of quotations. Here, for example, is a wee tragedy that should be dinned into the ears of every stage-struck cook: "For weeks and weeks a man sent a girl violets; one night a diamond-ring was tied up in the bunch—those glittering stones began her ruin—she wrote to acknowledge them, a correspondence ensued. That man proved her curse." There, now! And just to think that, if only the dresser had found the ring first, all the trouble might have been averted. "Every vice," adds the writer, "carries with it a sting, every virtue a balm." Golden words, Mrs. Rolling-Pin! Copy them out in your own fair, round hand, and nail them up over the kitchen-door. . . . By the way, Mrs. Tweedie does not hesitate to show the brighter side of theatrical life. Take, for instance, the account of her visit to the cottage-home of Mr. George Alexander: "What a pretty scene. Lying in a hammock in the orchard on that hot summer's day was the actor-manager of the St. James's Theatre. Seated on a garden-chair was his wife, simply dressed in white serge and straw hat. On her lap lay the new type-written play in its brown-paper covers, and at her feet was Boris, the famous hound." I anticipate a boom in white serge this summer among the leaders of culinary society. Straw hats, perhaps, will hardly be so popular.

It is hardly fair of Mr. Bernard Shaw to lay his non-success at the polls at the door of his mental ability. "There was a general panic," he told an interviewer, "probably an outbreak of that terror of the clever man (I have that unfortunate reputation) which is so strong in England." Now we all admit Mr. Bernard Shaw's cleverness, but I beg leave to hint that his ability does not extend to electioneering. "I had a large and devoted array of Fabian canvassers," he declares, brushing away a tear of mortification that will not be repressed. Imagine, I beg of you, a London landlady suddenly finding herself face-to-face with a devoted Fabian! "I had admirers of my books and plays," whines the humourist, "in the constituency." Just as though the philosopher of South St. Pancras is going to lay aside his well-fingered copy of "Man and Superman" in order to vote for a candidate at a County Council Election! "I used my pen vigorously," Mr. Shaw protests, his eyebrows raised, his shoulders shrugged. You did indeed, my dear sir! Listen to this passage from "The Common Sense of Municipal Trading," in which you sum up, as succinctly as may be, the municipal attributes of the householders in your constituency: "What really withholds capable and high-minded

men from public life is the ignorance and intense recalcitrance of the people who vote." Perfectly true, no doubt, but that's not clever electioneering.

"One who Wishes to Know" writes to the *Daily Mail* with reference to the manners of the Smart Set. This favoured young gentleman—it must be a young gentleman—had the good fortune to receive an invitation to a dinner-party to meet several people of title. To his surprise—he must be a very young gentleman—the men put their feet on the table after dinner, whilst one of the ladies, who had been particularly charmed, dear soul, with a certain *entrée*, took off a valuable brooch and sent it, with her love, as a present to the cook. "Not being accustomed," says the *Mail's* correspondent, "to associate with people in the Smart Set, I should be very glad if your readers who do could enlighten me as to their usual customs." I may be wrong, but I fancy I can trace a slight suggestion of sarcasm in the tone of this young gentleman's letter. Irony, forsooth, and all on the strength of one invitation to dine with people of title! I should advise this impudent person to reconsider his ways. Things are coming to a pretty pass when the members of our grand old aristocracy cannot enjoy themselves as they please without being hauled over the coals—whatever that means—by a puling, unsophisticated youth. So there!

A good deal of fun has been made, and continues to be made, over Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art, but those who "know their man," as the phrase goes, are inclined to treat the effort with a certain amount of respect. Mr. Tree never does things by halves. When he builds a theatre, he builds the best theatre in London. When he produces a Shaksperian play, the production is always the most beautiful show to be seen for money. I shall not be surprised, therefore, if the Academy of Dramatic Art is wholly successful. After all, with the exception of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Tree probably knows more about the training of young actors and actresses than any manager we have. There is no kind of play, from poetic drama to farcical comedy, that he has not handled, and you will invariably find that the small parts at His Majesty's are as well played as the big ones. Sometimes they are much better played, but that is by the way. The point is that Mr. Tree contrives to coax good, honest work out of his Companies, and that means, of course, that he explains what it is he wants and sees that he gets it. Nobody will deny, at any rate, that his latest pupil has been triumphantly launched. The success of Miss Viola Tree is a grand advertisement for the Academy of Dramatic Art.

The current number of the *Tiger*—a tiny paper which appears once a week in order to allow Mr. T. W. H. Crosland to keep his claws sharp—contains a delightful little sermon to publishers, entitled "On Literary Dishonesty." "The only hope for the publishing trade," exclaims the writer, "and, for that matter, for the trade of letters, lies in the fibre of the publisher. If he does not set clearly before his eyes the principle of sheer honesty, he is bound to become corrupt. And, as authors get their suck off him, they are honest as he is honest, or corrupt as he is corrupt." There is sound sense in that, and at least one metaphor that betrays the editorial pen. "Money," Mr. Crosland continues, "is all he (the author) wants. Nothing can keep him sweet unless it be the publisher. And if the publisher be tainted, how shall the author not stink?" The sincere thanks of authors the world over are due to the writer of "Lovely Woman" for having spoken out so boldly on the subject of publishers. We need not be afraid, however, that he will suffer for his fearlessness. The sermon, it is true, throws a great responsibility upon publishers as a body, but, as you will perceive, it is also a very graceful, very subtle compliment to Mr. Grant Richards. For the benefit of the laity, I may mention that it is Mr. Richards from whom Mr. Crosland gets his sweetness.

"HIGH JINKS," AT THE EMPIRE.

(SEE PAGE 322.)



SKETCHES OF THE NEW BALLET BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Gentle Side of War—The Etiquette of the Battlefield—Submarines.

EVEN in war there is a gentle side, and it is pleasant to read that the ladies of the town from which the *Variag* drew her crew have sent their thanks to the Captain of H.M.S. *Talbot* for his kindness to the wounded after the naval battle in which the Russian cruiser fought so gamely against overwhelming odds. The British Admiralty has replied that British sailors are always willing to help those of a friendly Power, and I fancy the word "friendly" was introduced into the return message to remind all Russians that we are not, as so many of them take for granted, the enemy of Russia because we are the ally of Japan. Indeed, when the history of the present war is written, I am sure that it will be found that Great Britain did all in her power to avert the conflict.

But sailors, whether they be friends or foes, always show great kindness to the vanquished after a fight, and the victors lower boats to rescue the men of a ship they have just sunk as eagerly as the ships of neutral Powers watching a fight do. The men who fight in sardine-tins such as are our modern men-of-war are exposed to such great dangers, now that a ship sinks in a matter of seconds, that both friends and foes are on the alert to aid in the saving of life when once the battle is decided. Many of the wounded Russians have been sent to a hospital in Japan, and I am quite sure that they will be treated with the utmost kindness, for, though the Japanese fight with Oriental fierceness, once the fury of the combat is past they are the kindest-hearted people in the world.

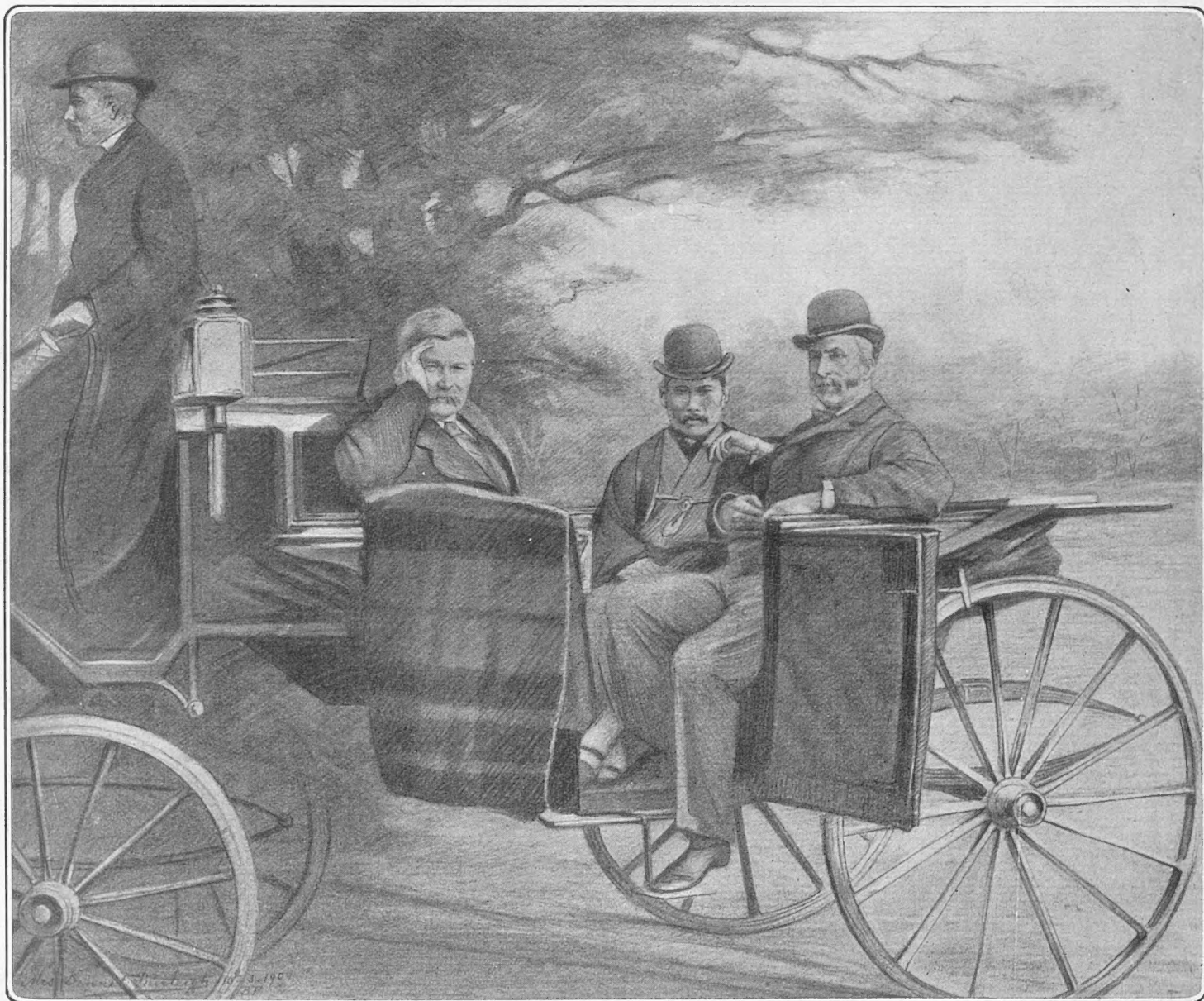
I do not suppose that any book on the etiquette of the battlefield has ever been published, but there is etiquette in warfare on land, and on water, and this etiquette is generally connected with the saving of life. "The Custom of War" is the rather portentous title under which it goes. It is not etiquette for the sentries on one side to shoot at the sentries on the other side when two armies are facing one another, for this would mean only the useless loss of life. It is not usual, when two reconnoitring parties from hostile armies meet, for them to fight unless it is absolutely necessary for one to push the other back, or unless orders have been given that prisoners must be taken,

and in the Peninsula, where this etiquette was brought to a point of perfection, the outposts of one side would, when an attack in force was on the point of being delivered, warn those of the other side not to stand their ground too long or they might lose all their men.

The talk of naval officers has, of late, been that they favour greatly the idea of submarines, and the fight off Portsmouth, in which four of the under-sea ships torpedoed four battleships, will encourage the younger school who see in the submarine the war-vessel of the future. Our men believe that they are at their best when the service they are called upon to perform is exceptionally dangerous, and that in this new method of fighting they will more than hold their own. The advocates of the submarine hold that these new ships will do much more than the work of guarding our coasts, and that wherever on the high seas a squadron is there will the submarines also be.

I was interested while in France to hear what the opinion of the Frenchmen I met was on the present war between Russia and Japan, and I found that most of them looked on Japan as a naughty boy who had thrown stones at his master and then had run away, but who was certain to be caned when he was caught. They were emphatic on the subject that France was not going to lose any of the many milliards she had lent to Russia, and that in peace with England they held the best security that their money was safe. There is not a man in France who believes that the war can have any end but a complete victory for Russia. A Frenchman's knowledge of the geography of the Far East is even more sketchy than an Englishman's, and, though the *camelots* in the streets of Paris are selling maps instead of songs, the whole matter is so far away and events have marched so slowly that the Parisian has become weary of the war before it has begun.

The accompanying drawing by Mrs. Bennet Burleigh is of exceptional interest just now, when Mr. Burleigh's telegrams and letters to the *Daily Telegraph* are read with so much interest in Great Britain and the other English-speaking countries of the world. The snapshot from which the drawing was made was taken at Mukden, and the famous War-Correspondent's companions are Mr. T. B. Glover, a Scottish gentleman, and Baron Iwasaki, a Japanese millionaire with whom Mr. Burleigh travelled to the Far East.



Mr. Bennet Burleigh.

Baron Iwasaki.

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Drawn by Mrs. Bennet Burleigh from a snapshot taken at Mukden, Manchuria.

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THE
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MARCH 19.

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AT PRACTICE.

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THE NEW PICTURE FOR THE NATION.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
MARCH 19.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

REVIVAL OF "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

THE revival by the Mermaid Society of Congreve's witty but
indelicate comedy, "The Way of the World," is distinctly
interesting, and no doubt the Court Theatre will prove
magnetic on Sunday and Monday to those who enjoy the artificial
comedy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which this is
a piquant example. It was in the year 1700 that Mrs. Bracegirdle, the



MRS. PITT AS LADY WISHFORT IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."
LADY WISHFORT: Come, fill, fill—

beautiful woman whom Captain Hill, with the aid of Lord Mohun, tried to abduct, created the character of Millamant and won so much praise for her tenderness and coquetry. There may have been something of the Millamant characteristics about the actress herself, for, while some described her as the Diana of the stage, before whom Congreve and Lord Lovelace, at the head of a troop of bodkined fops, worshipped in vain, and Macaulay considered her a vain, cold, interested coquette, the Earl of Halifax testimonialised her virtue, and Mountford, the actor, was killed because of her.

Yet, in some points, the character of Lady Wishfort, the amorous old woman of fashion, is even more interesting, despite its objectionable features, and no less a *littérateur* than George Meredith has paid tribute to the volatile and voluble wit with which the part is written. "The flow of boudoir Billingsgate," he says, "in Lady Wishfort is unmatched for the vigour and pointedness of the tongue. It spins along with a final ring, like the voice of Nature in a fury, and is, indeed, racy eloquence of the elevated fishwife." The quaint engraving, more than a century old, of which a reproduction is here given, shows Lady Wishfort, represented by Mrs. Pitt, in her boudoir, and there is a suggestion of Billingsgate in the sharp "Come, fill, fill—!" addressed to her maid.

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March 16, 1904. Signature.....



Gossop

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE fact that the King has received Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, on more than one occasion since the latter's return from Russia surely seems to indicate that our popular King hopes in time to play the pleasant rôle of peacemaker. Strong bonds of friendship and respect bind King Edward and the Emperor Nicholas; and they are, in a sense, doubly related, owing to the fact that the Emperor is our Queen's

nephew and the Empress the King's niece. As Prince of Wales, His Majesty was often in Russia, and he and his beautiful Consort have always shown marked kindness and civility to those distinguished Russians who have sojourned for a greater or a lesser time in this country, while successive Russian Ambassadors have been made warmly welcome to Marlborough House, to Sandringham, and to Windsor. It is well known that the King has been contemplating a visit to St. Petersburg, and it is to be hoped that nothing will interfere with the carrying out of his intention.

The Prince and Princess in Vienna.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Emperor Francis Joseph in Vienna will be marked by great festivity. The primary object of the visit is to enable His Royal Highness to thank the Emperor for his appointment as Honorary Colonel of the 12th Hungarian Artillery Regiment. It might seem strange that the Prince should not rather be going to Budapest to express his acknowledgments to the King of Hungary for the honour done him, but, as a matter of fact, the Army of the Dual Monarchy is one and undivided.

The Emperor himself is taking the keenest interest in the visit, which is expected to begin on April 19 and to last three days. His Majesty will, it is understood, order the Spring Parade of the Vienna Garrison to take place during the visit. It is curious how few Honorary Colonelcies of foreign regiments are held by the Prince—at any rate, compared with the number which the King held when he was heir to the throne. The Prince of Wales has a Prussian Cuirassier Regiment, and also a Prussian Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard; what probably appeals to him more is the fact that he is *à la suite* of the German Navy.

Some Splendid Festivities.

It will be remembered with what splendour the King was entertained by the Emperor Francis Joseph during His Majesty's memorable European tour last year, and it is evident that fêtes of a hardly less splendid character are in store for the Prince and Princess of Wales. There is to be a family dinner-party at the Palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, which was one of the favourite homes of the beautiful and lamented Empress Elizabeth, as it was of that other famous Empress, Maria Theresa. It is, perhaps, the only Royal palace which rivals the splendour of Versailles, the gardens being of extraordinary magnificence and adorned with exquisite statuary. There is also to be a Court Banquet in the Redoutensaal, and, of course, a State performance at the Opera. The traditional friendship between Great Britain and Austria-Hungary can only be fostered by these visits, and if the Emperor Francis Joseph, himself a Field-Marshal in the British Army, were to find it possible to pay a visit to his brother monarch, the King of England, he would have from the British populace a reception heartier than would be accorded to any other reigning monarch.

The Queen's French Sister-in-Law.

Before her marriage to the youngest

brother of our gracious Queen, Princess Waldemar of Denmark was Princess Marie of Chartres, and her engagement aroused the more interest owing to the fact that she was a Roman Catholic and that it was the outcome of a romantic love-affair, for before his engagement the studious Danish Prince had been the most confirmed of Royal bachelors. The wedding was the excuse for a most remarkable and memorable gathering of Royal and Imperial personages at Eu, the splendid country-seat of the late Comte de Paris; and it was said at the time that the French Government were alarmed by the interest taken in France in this great alliance, and that it was one of the causes which contributed to the decree of exile being passed against the Princes of the House of Orleans. Princess Waldemar has made herself very popular in Denmark; she is a clever, intelligent woman, ardently devoted to her native country, and it is thought by some people that she contributed to the Franco-Russian Alliance by her influence over the late Czar, who was much attached to his youngest sister-in-law. By an arrangement usual on the Continent, the Princess's sons have been brought up in the religion of their father, while her little daughter is being educated in her mother's faith as a Roman Catholic.

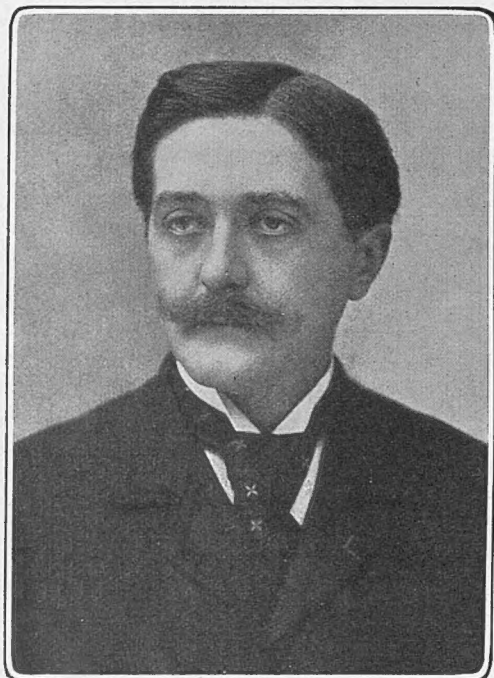


PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

Their Majesties in Denmark.

The news that the King and Queen will together be present at the celebration of the King of Denmark's eighty-sixth birthday is of great interest, for doubtless His Majesty will on that occasion have an opportunity of meeting the Emperor of Russia, who is very devoted to his venerable Danish grandfather. King Edward's first visit to the

Queen's native country took place thirty-nine years ago. The young couple, as they then were, were most splendidly entertained at the charming old castle of Bernstorff, and the then Prince of Wales was invited to what must have been to him a unique shooting-party, the game consisting of foxes! The Royal sportsman bagged two, and the teeth of his victims were set as breast-pins and given by him to some of his new Danish friends. The last visit paid by His Majesty to Copenhagen was in 1901.



M. PAUL HERVIEU, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE.

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

and, last though not least, playwright. At one time M. Hervieu was a member of the *Figaro* staff, and a valued contributor to many other daily papers and popular weeklies. Then he published a very remarkable and ruthless study of Parisian morals and manners, entitled "L'Armature," which at once placed him among the most popular novelists of the day. M. Hervieu has now reached what is generally supposed to be the summit of the literary Frenchman's ambition. He is one of the Immortals—that is, a member of the French Academy—and he has also been President of the "Société des Gens de Lettres." In spite of the fact that the author of "L'Armature" gave so pitiless a description of modern Paris Society and of its greed for gold, he goes out a good deal in the great French world, where his agreeable personality and mordant wit are much appreciated.

A Scotch Engagement.

The coming marriage of Lady Mildred Murray, the daughter of the Earl of Dunmore and a sister of Lord Fincastle, to Mr. Gilbert Follett, has aroused a great deal of interest throughout the Highlands, where the bride-elect is well known and popular. Lady Mildred will almost



MR. GILBERT FOLLETT, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



LADY MILDRED MURRAY, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Messrs. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

certainly follow the example of her brother and enjoy the glories attendant on a smart wedding, but, as yet, the day of the marriage has not been fixed.

The Queen's Shamrock.

To-morrow (17th) every soldier belonging to the Irish Guards will receive with pride and pleasure a nosegay of shamrock, the gift of the Queen, who has now become one of the largest purchasers who honour each year the Shamrock League with orders. As most people are aware, the League owes everything to the energy and patriotism of the lovely Countess of Limerick, who has done her best to make "the dear little shamrock" the means of helping many important charities. Last year, thanks in a measure to its becoming known that the Queen takes so great and practical an interest in the work, the Shamrock League sold many thousands of pounds' worth of Ireland's national emblem, and it is hoped and thought that this year even greater results will be achieved.

A Sad Event.

The death of Captain Reginald Ward, one of Lord Dudley's many good-looking brothers, has excited an exceptional amount of grief and sympathy in Society, where the whole of the Ward family are exceedingly popular. The sad event has placed many well-known people in mourning, including the Duke of Atholl and his family, Lord and Lady Bath, Lord and Lady St. Oswald, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. It has stopped all gaiety in Dublin, and it was rumoured that it would hasten the departure of Lord and Lady Dudley. The King and Queen have been much affected by the death of Captain Ward, as they had known him from childhood and were much attached to him.

Mr. Gladstone used to be fond of saying that no man had been more favoured than himself, not only in his children, but in his children-in-law. He and Mrs. Gladstone had not the happiness of seeing Mr. Herbert Gladstone become a Benedict, for his marriage to pretty Miss Paget took place after their death, but they both had the joy of being present at the wedding of the daughter of one of their most valued friends, Lord Rendel, with their son Henry, and the "G.O.M.," who was, as a young man, himself a fine musician, delighted in this accomplished lady's exquisite playing. Lady Rendel's four daughters are highly cultivated, and, as girls, constantly had the privilege of meeting the most notable Liberals of the day, both in their father's house and at Hawarden, where they were, of course, welcome and honoured guests. One of Mrs. Henry Gladstone's sisters wrote a most excellent account of the municipal history of Newcastle, and there is a good deal of literary ability in the family, among Mrs. Henry Gladstone's cousins being the well-known poet and critic, Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Henry Gladstone has not devoted his life to politics. He is a partner in a great firm of merchants, and he and his wife have a charming country house, Burton Hall, in Cheshire.



THE HON. MRS. HENRY GLADSTONE.

Photograph by Kate Praeger, Brompton Square, S.W.

The Opera Season. It seems yet early to discuss the Opera Season, but already most of the well-known people in Society interested in musical matters have become subscribers, and it is noteworthy that at the head of the list already published stands the name of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, while the four musical Duchesses are their Graces of Leeds, of Marlborough, of Portland, and of Westminster. Old-fashioned folk will be glad to learn that Offenbach will be represented this season by his quaint "Contes d'Hoffmann," which has just been played with immense success in Vienna, after having had a long rest. The Opera Season opens on the first Monday in May, and will close on July 25. The usual directorate will watch over the interests of the subscribers, and Lord de Grey and Mr. Higgins are fortunate in having so clever and capable an organiser as Lord Esher as a co-director. The list of American subscribers grows each year longer and longer.

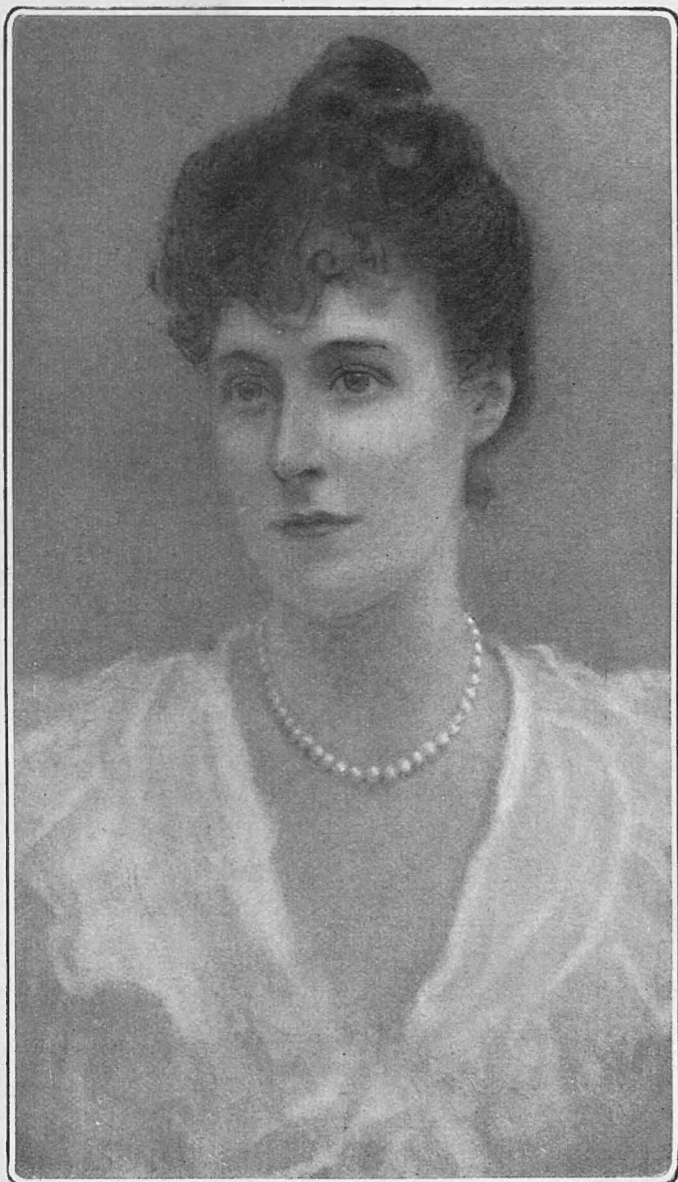
According to a contemporary, the football valse is becoming fashionable in Paris. This innovation has been greeted with enthusiasm by a dancing-man who is also an expert at the game and something of a poet. Under the title of "Play Up!" he contributes the following—

Oh! come now, Miss Kitty, and join in the dance,
The ball has been placed in the middle.
The eye of an expert can see at a glance
That you're feeling as fit as a fiddle.
The team we're to play is the talk of the town,
But few combinations dare meet it—
Oh, surely 'twould win for us lasting renown,
If we managed, Miss Kitty, to beat it!

Miss Grey's the most promising goal in Mayfair,
While Lady de Smythe, at full back 'll
Give forwards like ours enough work and to spare,
For she's really a terror to tackle.
Miss Robinson, too, who's their centre to-night,
Though selfish, is certainly clever,
While Jane on the wing, though a little bit light,
Is as nimble and speedy as ever.

Her Ladyship's dancing with Brown of the "Spurs,"
If there's truth in the popular rumour;
Miss Robinson, someone has told me, avers
That her waist will be circled by Bloomer.
But the voice of the referee calls us again,
They'll kick the ball off in a minute;
So we'll make a good fight for the Cup of Park Lane,
And, with luck and good play, we may win it.

A New British Great as is the honour attached to a place of
Ambadress. responsibility, no diplomatist can envy Mr. and
Mrs. Charles Hardinge the task of taking over the
British Embassy at St. Petersburg. All agree, however, that a better
choice could not have been made. Mr. Hardinge comes of a family
long distinguished by its services to Sovereign and State, and his



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES HARDINGE, WIFE OF THE NEW
BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ST. PETERSBURG.

From a Painting by Edward Hughes.

beautiful, accomplished young wife, who is a daughter of the late Lord Alington, was brought up in the Court world and is known to be a special favourite of the Queen. It is an open secret that Her Majesty was a most careful and old-fashioned mother, especially particular as to the choice of her three daughters' companions and friends. Accordingly, the fact that Miss Winifred Sturt, as she then was, became the



MRS. ATHERTON, A LEADER OF MILITARY SOCIETY.

Photograph by Beresford.

intimate friend of the three Princesses of Wales proves the high esteem in which she was held, even as a girl, by their august parents. Mrs. Charles Hardinge is already familiar with life in the Russian capital, for the new Ambassador was attached to the Embassy for five years, and it is known that he and his wife are much liked by the Emperor and Empress.

Mrs. Atherton. Mrs. Atherton is one of the leaders of that section of Society which is closely connected with the Army. Her husband, Colonel Atherton, is a distinguished officer who did remarkably well in South Africa, and she was one of the many ladies who spent a portion of the year, during the darkest moments of the great South African trouble, near the seat of war, where she did all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded, and even now she is keenly interested in the great military charities. Mrs. Atherton, who is a grand-daughter of Sir John Dean-Paul, entertains when in London in one of the pleasantest houses in Sloane Street. She has a little son of five years old to whom she is very devoted.

Royal Wills. The unseemly scandals which have arisen in Belgium out of the lawsuit regarding the will of the late Queen of the Belgians may remind us that, as a rule, the wills of reigning monarchs and their consorts are not published. No authoritative statement was made regarding the late Prince Consort's disposition of his property, though it was believed that he had a considerable amount to leave, and the terms of Queen Victoria's will, which, of course, took effect without ever being "proved" in the legal sense, have only been partially revealed. It is known, of course, that Her Majesty left Osborne and Balmoral, which were her private property, to the King, but what provision she made for her younger children, and ultimately for her grandchildren, will probably never be known in detail to this generation. Her Majesty's business affairs were admirably controlled during his lifetime by the Prince Consort, who is understood to have made some particularly fortunate purchases of real estate in Kensington and thereabouts. After his death Her Majesty's principal *homme d'affaires* was Earl Sydney, and when he died, in 1890, he was succeeded in that capacity by the present Viscount Cross, who is said to have supervised the preparation of Queen Victoria's will.

An Old Gladstonian.

Sir William Mather, the head of a great engineering firm, who has just retired from the House of Commons, was a devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone. He has been in and out of the House several times since 1885, and now he makes way in the Rossendale Division for Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, whose father is amongst his old friends. On technical education Sir William Mather was always heard with deep respect, even the Prime Minister showing him deference. He was very amiable and very popular as a Member. Radicals honoured him because he was one of the first of the great employers to establish an eight-hour day. This he introduced at the Salford Iron Works in 1893, and he has since continued the system.

Father and Son.

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's election being accelerated by Sir William Mather's sudden retirement, the ex-Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons will, before his own withdrawal from the scene of his triumphs, have the pleasure of introducing his son. They have been closely associated in political work. "Lulu" has been Sir William Harcourt's secretary and confidant, and has fought his battles with, perhaps, more keenness than his father himself. He is very familiar at the House of Commons, but will enter a new scene when he crosses the bar by his father's side. A successful career is predicted for Mr. Harcourt. He becomes a Member at the same age as "Historicus" was when returned for Oxford—the age of forty-one.

A Popular Young Lord.

One of the most successful and popular of the new Members of the Government is Lord Balfarres. What he has got to do as representative of the Office of Works he does well. The House was predisposed in his favour on account of his modest, courtly manners. Ladies must regard him kindly, for he is good-looking, with a grave, romantic expression. He speaks well, in an easy style, and knows his business. Time is on his side, for he is only thirty-three, and, if he find opportunity before being called on, in the course of nature, to succeed his father, the Earl of Crawford, in the Upper House, he may rise to a high position in the Government. The eldest sons of Peers, however, mingle with many advantages a certain disability. Once they go to the House of Lords their opportunities are greatly diminished.

Divided Colleagues.

It is difficult for colleagues to part and remain friends. Mr. Balfour has been regarded as the most amiable and beloved of political chiefs, and yet the controversy between himself and his parted colleagues in the House last week was quite painful. There were taunts and recriminations. Each side suggested that it had not been treated fairly, and, in spite of protestations of good feeling, there was a great deal of bitterness. The Ministerialists are, of course, annoyed by the independent action of the Unionist Free Traders, and would like to see some of the latter crossing to the other side of the House, but most of them will fight again as Unionists. Stories of new combinations have ceased for a time.

Mr. D. V. Pirie, M.P.

Mr. Pirie, the Radical Member for North Aberdeen, was for a few days a conspicuous and envied man. By the luck of the ballot he secured a sitting for a Fiscal motion, and he was the centre of consultations with Unionist Free Traders. Mr. Pirie belongs to the well-known family of paper-makers at Aberdeen. His father, Mr. Gordon Pirie, lived a great deal in France, where he had a fine château on the Loire, near Angers. The Member's mother was French—a daughter of the late M. Joseph Rousseau de Labrosse. He himself is married to a daughter of Lord Sempill. He was a Captain in the 3rd Hussars, but, like one or two other Members on both sides, has dropped the military appellation.

Although opposed to the policy of the War in South Africa, he gave his services to his country, and was re-elected in his absence.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan as a Lecturer.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan is well known to *Sketch* readers as the author of many humorous sketches of East Anglian country-life and of some interesting short stories. He is also a clever critic and a great traveller. Now he appears as a lecturer dealing with the social life, folk-lore, and superstitions of the Moors and Berbers, and giving also an instructive review of the present serious political position in Morocco. The lecture is illustrated by lantern-slides, including some lent by Mr. Walter Harris, the *Times* Correspondent in Morocco, and the only European who travelled in the fighting-line with the Sultan's forces in last year's campaign against the Pretender. Mr. Bensusan is well qualified to speak on this subject, for he has made several journeys through Morocco. When he last visited that country, a few months ago, he contributed some delightful "Leaves from a Moorish Garden" to these pages, and he has prepared a book which will be published in the autumn. The Russo-Japanese War has turned public attention so much to the Far East that Mr. Bensusan's lecture is a timely reminder of the great problems confronting Great Britain and France in the Mediterranean.

The coming of Spring has from time immemorial been associated with love and poetry. Hence Mr. C. H. St. L. Russell has sent me the following lines, which he entitles "Venus Anadyomené"—

As on the shore I lay at eve,
And watched the bright-orbed sinking sun,
And dreamed some dream of make-believe,
A drowsy dream, but half-begun,
Before my light-bemused eyes
Slowly a vision seemed to rise—

A radiant face with golden hair
As with an aureole all a-gleam;
While through the shimmery, filmy air,
Like motes a-dancing in the beam,
Sure, as she moved, around, above
Played many a little winged Love.

Some goddess from the ocean foam
Risen on the sight of mortal men,
To laugh—to vanish in the gloam.
Nearer she came: and then—and then—
And then—dear Molly, if you knew!
Why, Molly dear, 'twas only *you*!

A New Rare Stamp.

The Paris postal authorities, in looking over a mass of old stamps the other day, discovered some curious specimens of Napoleon III., dated 1867. It is well known that the Emperor wore only a moustache and imperial, but by some error these stamps represented him with a full beard, which gave him a worn and aged appearance. They were never put into circulation, but already eager collectors are trying to get hold of them, and they are now as much of a curiosity among philatelists as the crown-piece "à la mèche" has been of late among numismatists.

A Strange Prophecy.

An American Law Professor who was for many years in Japan has disregarded the excellent advice never to prophesy unless you know and has ventured to predict the results of the Russo-Japanese War. He says that no man who is now twenty-five years of age will live to see the last of the fight. This war is only the beginning of the struggle, for there will be a succession of fearful wars in which all the Powers will be involved. Great changes will take place in the world, and, when the half-century of fighting is over, the Far Eastern Question will be settled by the inclusion of China among the civilised nations of the world. There appear to be lively times ahead of us, for, if the Professor is right, the Napoleonic Wars at the beginning of the last century will be nothing compared with the struggle which has just begun.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER IN "THE ARM OF THE LAW,"
AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



Small Talk on the Boulevards.

It is not very often that the Boulevards have the laugh of our contemporary, *Le Matin*, which is undoubtedly the pioneer newspaper, if not the only news-containing paper, of the Ville Lumière (writes our Correspondent). But Paris is just now indulging in one broad guffaw which stretches from the *Matin* office to the Madeleine. The joke refers to the Marchand Mission and is concerned with a tent. Some weeks ago, a vast amount of Government rubbish was put up for sale, among it being two camp-stools, marked "Mission Marchand," and a tent. The *Matin* bought for them, and then got some hundred pounds' worth of advertisement out of the bargain by setting up the tent and camp-stools in the office and convoking all Paris to gaze on them and cry, "Vive Marchand and the *Matin*!"

That Tent! "So far, so excellent," as my friend the Vicomte said at the time. But, unfortunately, it now appears that Marchand's tent is quite as unauthentic as King Saitaphernes' golden cap, and that the camp-stools only were the genuine articles. The tent was one which took its part in M. Maclaud's mission to French and Portuguese Guinea, but the ten thousand people who kowtowed to it feel very sore at having been put off with a mere Guinea tent instead of the one wherein Marchand and Sir Kitchener sipped champagne upon Fashoda's swamp.

Sarah Bernhardt. I hope that by the time these lines are in the

public's hands Madame Sarah Bernhardt may be entirely recovered. She was not well at all on the hundredth night of "La Sorcière," although she played her part as usual and the audience knew nothing of her indisposition. But Grippe, *la fâcheuse Grippe*, had got its grip of her, and it was all that she could do to voice her lines in the last Act. I don't think people realise the hardships of stage-life. It is no trilling matter to be ill in bed all day, get up at seven, act, and then go back to bed again, when you are sixty-two.

And Madamé Sarah has been extra busy this week, too, for she, with Marguerite Moreno, produced "L'Escarpolette," a French version of an American play in verse by Miss G. Constant Lounsberry, at a performance of the Souvenir Français, the

first time that a translation has been honoured in this particular manner.

An Impromptu. Here is an amusing anecdote of

Maurice Donnay, the author of "Le Retour de Jérusalem," at the Gymnase, and part-author (with Lucien Descaves) of "Oiseaux de Passage," the success of the moment at the Théâtre Antoine. Donnay is as inveterate a maker of *mots* as was Aurelian Scholl himself, and much sought after by those foolish folk who keep an album for the autographs and sayings of distinguished people. Dining with Dr. Cristal, a well-known Marseilles medico, the other evening, Donnay was asked for an impromptu quatrain. "Delighted," he said, and, under his host's eye, he wrote—

Depuis que le Docteur Cristal
Soigne des familles entières,
On a démolì l'hôpital.

"Really," said the doctor, "you are too flattering. I—" "Let me finish," said Donnay; and he continued—

On a démolì l'hôpital,
Et l'on a fait deux cimetières.



M. JACQUES ÉLISÉE RECLUS, THE
EMINENT GEOGRAPHER,—

*Europe's Grand
Old Geographer.*

It may be doubted if at the present time there is any more distinguished Frenchman living than the famous geographer, Elisée Reclus, who this week celebrates his seventy-fourth birthday. He was one of the twelve children of a poor Protestant pastor, and was educated partly in Germany; this is, perhaps, why he has always been "agin the Government." Taking part in the December Riots of 1851, he had to fly from his country when only just of age, but in some ways this was for his good, as it made him acquainted with foreign lands, and he spent some years in England and America. The Siege of Paris saw him back again in France, taking an active part in arranging the Balloon Service which proved so invaluable to the beleaguered city; but during the Commune he found himself, characteristically enough, on the wrong side. For a moment it seemed as if he would share the fate of Rochefort and of Louise Michel, but the whole scientific world of Europe protested, particularly strong being the appeal made in his favour by his British friends. Accordingly, he was simply banished, and not transported to New Caledonia. During the last ten years M. Reclus has been Professor of Geography at the Brussels University.



Dr. Paul Reclus. M. Elisée Reclus. M. Elie Reclus. M. Onésime Reclus. M. Armand Reclus.

—AND HIS FIVE SONS.

Photographs by Nadar, Paris.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



"ANOTHER FALL IN CONSOLS!"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

I HAVE read in my morning paper all about the pending resignation of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and in the morning and afternoon papers of other folks I have been reading stories that illustrate the great man's wit. Most of these stories have beards, but I think I can tell you one that has not gone round. I was in Rome, a few winters ago, when Sir William arrived in the Eternal City fresh from his Parliamentary campaign against the Ritualists. Shortly after his arrival he was invited to one of Lord Currie's receptions at the British Embassy. Great interest was aroused by the fact that he was to meet Monsignor Stonor, head of the English Catholics in Rome. The evening was a great success, and, when Sir William was leaving the Embassy, he found a man struggling with a heavy fur-coat in the vestibule, the servants being occupied and the coat's owner clearly in a hurry. Very good-naturedly, the statesman stretched out a helping hand. The struggle was over at once, and the owner of the troublesome garment turned round to render thanks.

It was Monsignor Stonor. "Now, Sir William," he said, "what have you to say? You have been found giving public assistance to a Papist." "Don't make any mistake," replied the great Liberal. "I've no objection to Papists; the Apists are the people I protest against."

Among the serious dangers that threaten Europe just now is one to which I have made reference in these columns before to-day. This danger is the "Prophet" Dowie. Zion has not been flourishing. Morgan, Rockefeller, and others in New York whose conversion would have meant so much to Zion's Profit, could not be reached, and in Melbourne the patriarch was compelled to call for the police. I believe he even threatened to send for the military if his audience persisted in ignoring the gift of salvation that is his spiritual stock-in-trade. From Melbourne the "Prophet" has gone to Adelaide, and I am more than afraid that he will return to England. So far as I could see, his hard fight to give salvation in return for shekels met with quite a tolerable response here, and, barring sundry escapes from platforms by way of emergency-exits that were not included in the architects' designs, he had no really troublesome adventures. War-correspondence, weather, bad trade, heavy taxes, wrestling matches, Fiscal controversy, and cake-walks we have endured in comparative silence. But the thought of another invasion of London by Dowie and his army of the emotional uneducated is very hard to bear.

The great controversy raging round the question of Chinese Labour is not very interesting. It is too much of a Party question, and I do not give time to the corner of my daily paper that is devoted to it. But I have been wondering why the agitators, who declare that South Africa will go to the dogs if it is developed by the only people disposed to do the work, cannot find more useful scope for their reforming zeal nearer home. Some of the revelations relating to sweating, and published in the past week or two, suggest that there is real use for the reformer within our gates. While white people in London continue to be herded in manner that sardines or herrings would resent, while the problem of existence is made more and more complicated by the conditions of modern labour, it seems a far and foolish cry to bother about the salvation of South Africa, which, after all, is entrusted to some of the most capable statesmen in Great Britain's administrative service. I expect that there are many folks in London to-day, men, women, and children, whose lot in life is harder to endure than that of John Chinaman in his compound will be—when he gets to it.

It was with a feeling of distinct relief that I read the account of the last Test-match. In one way or another these historic encounters have not been free from bickering of an undignified sort, and the special cablegrams sent at considerable cost by representatives of the team to papers they favour most have not been models of either diplomacy or sub-editing. Though a great cricketer may make a good Colonial Secretary, he does not necessarily make a good newspaper correspondent. Even the last head of the Colonial Office might be excused if he failed to see exactly how relations between Mother Country and Colonies are to be improved by the assumption that if one side wins, it wins on its merits, and that if it loses, the match cannot possibly be regarded as a proper test. Are we introducing the element of politics into sport? There, of course, if your opponent wins, you score the moral victory. How the cricketers of a hundred years ago, the fine old fellows who cradled the national game in the Hambledon Club for example, would resent the commerce and rivalry that have been working against the best interests of the game for some years past!

The influence of Party strife upon questions of the hour was never more clearly demonstrated than in the revival of the Dreyfus affair. The guilt or innocence of the ex-Captain never mattered so much to France or Europe as did the contest between Clericals, Anti-Semites, and Nationalists on the one side, and Republicans and Socialists on the other. The unhappy soldier was no more than the "Aunt Sally" of a country fair. Excited patriots, rabid Anti-Semites, and the Clericals who looked to the *Voce della Verità* and *Osservatore Romano* for inspiration knocked the figure down and covered it with mud in the name of the French Empire. Eloquent Republicans, Socialists, and "Intellectuals" picked it up, washed the mud away, expanded their chests, and talked of the French Republic. Now, Nationalists and Clericals haven't bark or bite left in them; their incidents are closed. Consequently, an obscure corner suffices a case that formerly monopolised the news columns. A rumour that Vladivostok has been captured, or that a Russian gunboat has sunk three Japanese men-of-war, is worth more to sub-editors to-day than three columns of War Office revelations. *Sic transit*. Yet editors must remember with regret that the rumours they published then were far cheaper than the cabled variety they must rely upon to-day, and equally hard to verify.

SOME OF THE PLAYERS IN "THE LOVE BIRDS," AT THE SAVOY.



ALEC ROCKINGHAM (MR. BERTRAM WALLIS) AND GRACE ROCKINGHAM (MISS KATE CUTLER).



COURTENAY Q. BORROPROP (MR. G. FULLER GOLDEN) AND LORD SOUTHMOLTON (MR. ARTHUR LONGLEY).



ONE OF THE PIERROTS.
(MR. MERVYN DENE).

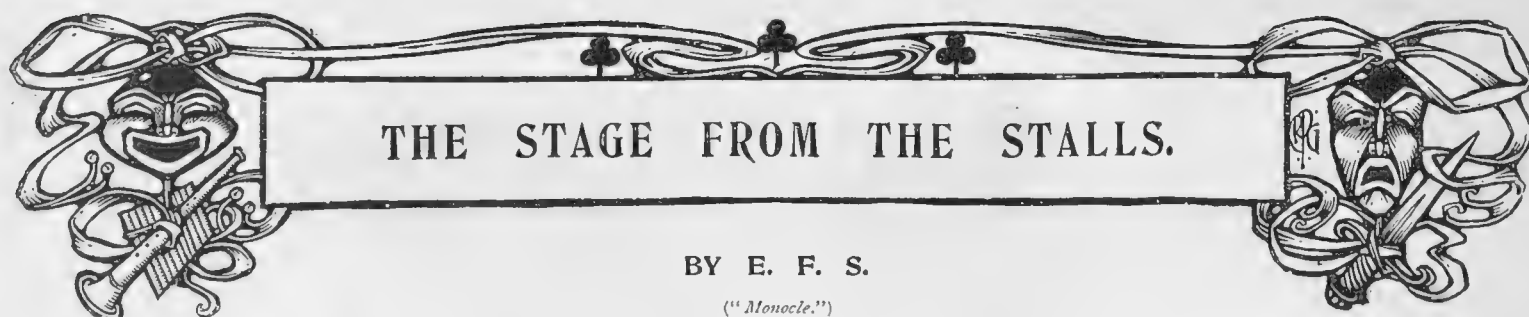


"A CHRYSANTHEMUM"
(MISS FLORENCE DOMBEY).



SIR BILLIE DUFFARD
(MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH).

Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"LADY TETLEY'S DIVORCE"—"A QUEEN'S MESSENGER"—"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE"—"THE CINGALEE."

THERE seems to me something vulgar and odious in making a feature of a death-scene on the stage, and, so far as death-scenes are realistic, one may fairly use Bacon's neat phrase, "the better the worse." As an old hand, I have seen more than plenty and with no pleasure or profit. I think the earliest I remember was that of Croisette, in "Le Sphinx"—a fuss was made because

the actress had studied symptoms in a hospital. How many Adrienne Lecouvreaux have squirmed to death before me in pretended imitations of arsenic-poisoning I can hardly say—pretended, since none has pushed "her act" so far as to exhibit the inevitable vomiting. I remember someone doing "Nana" and displaying herself with loathsome wax imitations of small-pox pustules! Dozens of Marguerites have gasped more or less tryingly away when I was present. Two or three Coupeaux have writhed in death-agony, and almost countless actors have given needless, nasty wriggles when shot or stabbed or poisoned. I protest against all of it. To represent death faithfully is to run unjustifiably the risk of calling up terrible memories in some of the audience. To pretend to die of poison makes the sensible spectator smile because none of the characters tries to get a stomach-pump or experiments with hot water and mustard. Except in cases of sudden death, the simulation can rarely be accurate, for

Miss Darragh's remarkably fine performance in "A Queen's Messenger," Mr. Hartley Manners' clever play, has attracted less attention than it deserved. Miss Darragh, who excited admiration a little while ago by her acting at a matinée in a piece by Lady Troubridge, is an actress with much personal charm, technical skill, and a real suggestion of power. She is, I understand, a member of the Haymarket Company, and it is to be hoped will soon have a better chance of proving her powers. Mr. Frank Dyll seconded her well, and the little piece had a noteworthy reception.

The question of the "curtain-raiser" and its services deserves serious consideration: at the moment, I must at least utter a growl concerning the fact that the Duke of York's Theatre has got into the bad habit of giving a non-theatrical entertainment instead of a comedietta: this is altogether too hard upon the aspiring player and the young dramatists anxious to begin at the right end of the stick.

"A Marriage of Convenience," though it did not enjoy a long run when produced in 1897 with Terriss and Miss Emery in the cast, nor later on, when Mr. Frederick Harrison appeared as the Comte de Candale, is a really charming light comedy, artificial in sentiment, as the original title, "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," suggests, but so dextrously handled, wittily written, and nicely translated as to prove fascinating. Possibly a passage in Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes" suggested to the famous Dumas the theme of post-nuptial courtship that he handles entertainingly and brings skilfully to a pretty conclusion.

It could be wished that the danger in the strife between the Chevalier de Valcros and the young husband for the love of the fascinating bride were more clearly indicated in the performance. Mr. Lewis Waller's "Beaucaire" gave a warranty that he would act admirably as the Comte de Candale, and his performance will certainly draw the ladies. Miss Grace Lane seems almost to have been designed for such a character as she presents, and is quite delightful. Mr. Valentine, in his original character, is rich in unforced humour.

From some of the notices on "The Cingalee," it might be supposed that a prodigious masterpiece had been produced at Daly's Theatre. It may be admitted that the new work is better than most of its class, that Mr. Tanner's first Act is quite remarkably good, that Mr. Lionel Monckton's music shows unwonted quality in serious writing, that some of Mr. Adrian Ross's lyrics are of his best, that the setting is gorgeous and the performance excellent—a handsome crop of admissions. Yet references to Gilbert and Sullivan that have been made are ridiculous.

Let us avoid giving the ignorant a wrong idea of the old Savoy Opera by comparing such works with it. Surely it is enough that Mr. George Edwardes's piece should repay the capital expenditure of fourteen thousand pounds—nearly fifty per cent. more than the sum demanded by Mr. H. Arthur Jones as subsidy for a National Theatre, an institution at which "The Mikado" might be played with propriety, but not "The Cingalee." It is the best entertainment of its kind in London—that may safely be said, even if the cast at another house be better—and, when cut and trimmed into shape (which, alas, experience tells us means brought to a more amorphous condition), will delight the great British Public to whom the serious drama appeals in vain. Perhaps, in the course of revision, Mr. Edwardes will cut such lines as "Like a battleship Is the upper hip Of the daughter of English Pot," or "Brown girl voluminous, her figure tumble down—Ah! paint the town all brown."

Miss Sybil Arundale makes a decided advance by her charming performance as Nanoya. The others, perhaps, hardly do more than mark time; still, time has not marked Miss Isabel Jay, who sang very prettily and acted gaily, whilst Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Fred Kaye, and Miss Gracie Leigh had their wonted applause, and doubtless by now Mr. Rutland Barrington has recovered the voice that deserted him on the first-night.



THE LATE MR. ROBERT TABER
AS DAVID ROSSI IN "THE ETERNAL CITY."
(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

one has other persons of the play obviously behaving in an unnatural fashion. It is, of course, permissible to use death itself as a part of dramatic machinery, but inartistic to seek to harrow our feelings by the method of dying.

The cause of these remarks is the long-drawn death-business of Herr Max Behrend in "Lady Tetley's Scheidung," given by the German Company. Whether "Lady Tetley's Divorce," by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Downing, deserved the honour of being turned into German by Mrs. Hayden Coffin and presented by the admirable Royalty Company I do not know. For Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who produced it in the country, did not bring it to town, and it may possess subtleties in writing which I failed to appreciate in the Teutonic tongue! It seems to be a rather extravagant melodrama. Yet Mrs. Campbell, as manageress, has shown, as a rule, such a dignified ambition to produce fine drama that it is unwise to express settled convictions on the question.

Herr Max Behrend is a very able actor, competent to die against anyone, but at times the temptation to use the phrase of the auctioneer in the story and tell him to get on with his dying was strong. Miss Margaret Halstan's work was decidedly able, and the charming young actress seems to have gained by her association with the German players, who set a superb example of playing not for individual distinction, but for the benefit of the piece.

The revival of "A Marriage of Convenience" met with so favourable a reception that it seems likely to enjoy a longer run than the Victor Hugo play. Fortunately, Mr. Grundy has shown a modesty and tact in Englishing the piece that was not exhibited by Mr. John Davidson in his effort to improve "Ruy Blas." It was unlucky that an old piece was chosen as *lever-de-rideau*, since, in consequence,

THE AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS."

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")



[Photographed for "The Sketch."]

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

THE HARE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN

I KNOW that the coming of Spring cannot be long delayed, for my neighbour, Father William, has abandoned the red cape of winter for the smock that comes out with fair weather. Then, to be sure, my garden is full of early flowers. There are daffodils—

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Crocuses, anemones, and snowdrops have arrived to keep company with the daffodils, the woods are so full of violets that when the huntsman makes his last call of the season it is more than likely that the hounds will never find the line. There are mating birds on every tree, pairing partridges wander at ease over the ploughlands as though they knew that close-time had arrived for them, and, when the light comes strongly to the groves, you become suddenly conscious that the unredempted black of the winter months has yielded to a very subtle and delicate tint of grey-green—reminiscent to me of the countries where the olive is cultivated.

But none of the sights and sounds of the country I know so well is so significant of the changing year as the appearance of Father William in his smock-frock. This change is his contribution to the season of buds and blossoming.

The elder-bushes in his hedgerow are already in leaf, and the rose that straggles under the porch shows its habitual disregard for the seasons by pushing out an advance-guard of half-a-score blossoms. They are pale, frost-bitten flowers enough, but this particular rose-tree never stays to consider anything but its momentary inclination. It has yielded a bunch of roses on Christmas Days, and gone bare of aught save leaves for six weeks in July and August.

At the far end of Father William's garden there is an hedgerow-oak which serves the old man for a gibbet. Here he hangs all the victims of his steel traps—stoats, weasels, rats, mice, and, I regret to add, "black-buds."

"Wunnerful pests; to mythinkin'," he remarked, doggedly, when I remonstrated on their behalf not so very long ago. "Lor' now, don't ye say nuthin' for 'em, for I hain't no pity for they. Took off my currants wunnerful last year; flecked ev'ry bush clean, an' no mistake, th' black mucks. I'm tellin' ye th' truth."

Coming back from a morning stroll with a small collection of March flowers and leaves, ground-ivy, celandine, and sallows (called "Easter-palm" in this part), I found Father William greatly excited.

"Come in a minute, won't ye?" he cried, and, though I know his limited range of comments by heart, and was not seeking for more twice-told tales, there was something in the old man's voice that suggested news.

So I followed him into his parlour, with its fur and feather trophies under glass cases, its loud-ticking clock and singing kettle. Father William put his hat and long stick on the table, and fixed me with the bright eyes that nearly ninety years have failed to dim. His breath came in short gasps, less by reason of age than excitement.

"Do ye set down, an' listen," he began. "I've jest caught

a great ole hare. I'd been in m' garden, an' I was jest settin' down, an' I heerd great ole hare a-shrikkin' wunnerful. So I went out, an' there it was in my big trap, th' warmint. So I killed 'im werry quick. An' a fine beast, too, an' no mistake."

"What did you do with it, Father William?" I asked him, though I knew well enough without inquiry, for I had seen a lad walking up the drive to the Hall, carrying a hare, when I came from the wood to the high-road.

"I'm a right-for'ard man," said Father William, stubbornly, as though he thought I lacked faith, "an' I sent it to Master George." It may be necessary to say that Master George is the Squire, a man of fifty summers or thereabout, who, having delayed his appearance on this planet until Father William was middle-aged, has been regarded as a youth ever since by the veteran shepherd.

"They traps o' mine," continued Father William, "weren't not never intended for to catch nothin' but warmints. An' when they catches anything else, I up an' gi'es it to Master George, for it comes off o' his land, an' I knows me duty."

"Aye," continued the veteran, with unctuous rectitude, "I sent it strite to th' Hall. An' I told boy Robin to gi'e my message to Master George or one o' th' ladies—Father William's respects an' is wunnerful sorry one o' th' traps 'as jest caught this great ole hare. An' he sends it right up to ye, an' hopes it'll be good eatin'."

"You are beginning the year well, Father William," I said, gently.

"Aye!" he replied, "there ain't no mistake but I'm a right-for'ard man, an' them what says I ain't tells a lie. An' so ye can tell them what asks ye."

I said no word for a few moments, thinking of the veteran's honesty; how, being but a poor man, with all the temptation to keep the hare for himself, he had delivered it to the rightful owner. Of course, he might not like hares, but, even then, he might have sold it.

What right had I to doubt him? I thought to myself. Why should I oppose my cynicism to his simple faith? But, in spite of my self-indignation, Satan had tempted me—and I fell.

"Yes, you're an honest man, Father William," I said, slowly; "and yet it's a pity the hare was the Squire's. You know I've finished shooting for the year, but I've been wanting to send a hare to a friend in town, and haven't had one from my land since December. If it had been yours to sell, I'd have given half-a-crown for it."

The old man's eyes glistened. He stared hard at me; I never moved a muscle of my face. Then he got up out of his corner and walked to the door, to look sharply up and down the quiet lane. Not a soul in sight—I had followed him to the open; and the only sound came from a pair of wheatears that fluttered noisily across the meadow by whose side the garden ends, and from a woodpecker that flew screaming out of the near grove where it had been surprised or disturbed.

"Ha'n't ye told me ye can't abide hares, nor rabbits neither?" said Father William, reproachfully, when he was sure the coast was clear and had returned to the parlour, after closing the front-door carefully.

"I don't care for them myself," I admitted, truthfully enough, "but my friends—"

"Don't ye say another word," interrupted the right-forward man. "What a pity! Such a great ole Jack-hare he was, th' warmint; it 'ud ha' done y'r friend good, no doubt about it. But, there, I'll set they traps ag'in in th' same place, an' mebbe the Jill-hare 'll come that way, too."

"I likes to 'blige me neighbours wot's been civil to me, an' if there's any what says I don't they tells a lie."



"FATHER WILLIAM."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

MISS MABELLE GILMAN AND MR. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH

IN "AMORELLE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



"After untruthful explanation comes maternal castigation."



"Play-time brings us compensation."



"I'm lucky to have such a sister."
"How different men are! When I offered to be a sister to Lupin
he said he'd drown himself."



"It is friendship, merely friendship,
Only that and nothing more."

"AMORELLE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS DR. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE CROW.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"AMORELLE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



MISS MABELLE GILMAN AS AMORELLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



ONE OF THE GREAT UNACTED.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION WITH MR. THOMAS HARDY.

I FOUND Mr. Thomas Hardy in his study, perched thoughtfully upon a brown-paper parcel about six feet high, which contained the manuscript of his latest comedy just returned by Mr. George Edwardes, with thanks.

"You have come," he said, "to ask how it was that I—I, the father of the immortal *Tess* and the obscure *Jude*, joined the ranks of the Great Unacted?"

I bowed, and murmured that the public seemed to consider that there was due to them *some* explanation of "The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in nineteen Acts and one hundred and thirty scenes."

"It was Lewis Carroll," he replied, sadly. "It was all through Lewis Carroll. You remember the passage: I think it is in 'Sylvie and Bruno'? You remember the country where they made maps larger and larger and larger, till at last they drew one on a scale of one square mile to the square mile, which proved so inconveniently bulky that they decided to let the country be its own map?"

"I believe there *was* something of the kind; the object was to get it true to Nature."

"Exactly. 'There,' said I to myself, 'is the ideal for the drama.' Why confine the drama within the limits of three hours? Why not make plays longer and longer and longer, more and more faithful to Nature, till finally we realise the great truth that Life is its own Drama?"

"All the world's a stage," I murmured.

"Who was it who anticipated me by saying that? Confound him! But no matter. So I started. I chose an ordinary man for my hero. I would tell his life-story, setting down all without fear or favour. I would not manipulate facts to suit the needs of any plot. I never got beyond the first Act."

He wiped away a tear, and I asked why.

"He caught small-pox. Your common dramatist would have imagined that he got better. I could not do that. I called in three specialists at great expense; but he died."

"Could not his executors and administrators have gone on with it, as in the old story?" I asked.

"I never thought of that," he sighed. "No, I decided that I must turn to history, in which I could be sure of people living long enough for something to happen. 'I wonder,' said I, 'whether anybody has ever tried to put Napoleon upon the stage?'"

"I seem to remember—" I began, but he was wrapt up in the great idea.

"I would not attempt, at first," he went on, "to make it quite life-size. Theatrical managers must be educated gradually, and not frightened. My play should be a map of Europe on a scale rather smaller than the real thing, just for a beginning, you know, and as a concession to human weakness. I would exhibit as one organism the anatomy of life and movement in all humanity. I would have Spirits—the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, for instance—to act as a chorus and as guides to a vast international tragedy. I would take my audience up in a balloon and show them the human beetles of our history-books writhing and crawling upon the face of the earth. It would be a play the like of which had never been seen before."

"So it is," I said, respectfully. "It is wonderful."

He leaned over towards me. "You won't believe what I am going to tell you. *Not a single manager in London would touch it.*"

I gasped in amazement.

"When I had finished one-third of it—I had got to the death of Pitt—there were numbers of other people still to die. I took it round in a covered waggon to Mr. Tree. He said it interested him. He was very nice about it; but he said it was always difficult for a young and unknown dramatist to place a play of more than eighteen Acts. I had told him there would be nineteen—just one too many." He shook his head sadly. "He warned me that, if I got it put on at a music-hall as a sketch, he would feel bound to object to it, as violating the thirty minutes' rule. But he spoke very kindly, and suggested that I should get it produced in America, where they have more room—on the prairies. I drove it round to the St. James's, and Mr. George Alexander said it interested him very much, but that, when he began rehearsing a play, he liked to be fairly hopeful that he

would not die of old age before the end of it. He thought some parts of it were cleverly written, and advised me to try my hand at a novel. The notion, he said, of a life-size play was brainy and original, but, in his experience, people came to the theatre to see, not life, but *him*. I pointed out that there were dozens of parts in the play which would suit him excellently; he said that was just the reason it wouldn't do, and sent me away with an introduction to Mr. Seymour Hicks, who had vigour."

"And what did Mr. Hicks say?" I asked, sympathetically, for he was looking sorely depressed.

"Mr. Hicks said he was very much interested in the play, and only regretted that he had not written it himself, for it would then have contained a song suitable for Miss Ellaline Terriss. He suggested that, if I would leave it with him, he would polish up the verses a bit and add some choruses of children and a few topical jokes, such as, 'What Napoleon wanted in Elba was chiefly Elba-room'—"

"The case was hopeless."

"Quite, quite! I hurried away, and came to Drury Lane. Mr. Arthur Collins said he read it with much interest and considered that the idea of the flying-machine was promising. I asked him indignantly where the flying-machine came in. He said, how otherwise were the Spirits to see all Europe lying beneath them? and, though the thing had been done before, yet, with Dan Leno as the Spirit of the Pities and Harry Randall as the Spirit of the Years—but, you know, that wasn't at all what I meant when I wrote it."

He appealed to me pathetically, and I agreed.

"But you have to make concessions," I said, "when you want a play produced."

"However, on second thoughts, he came to the conclusion that it was even longer than a Drury Lane pantomime on a first-night, and the County Council were very particular about overcrowding."

"I don't see how that is a reason—"

"I find that anything is a reason for refusing to produce a play."

"No, no!" I cried; "you must not despair. Have you tried the Stage Society?"

"Yes," he replied. "The Secretary said he was very much interested, but his Committee thought it so likely to be a popular success that they could not demean themselves by producing it. That was the strangest excuse of all. But the last straw came when Mr. George Edwardes insisted that the Spirits should appear in tights—"

He broke down, and I waited.

"Perhaps," I said, "you have chosen a subject too remote; what is wanted is something modern, some reflection of the world as it goes on around us."

"You are right. I have taken the lesson to heart. I am now engaged upon a play which is bright and up-to-date, while carrying out my principles to their logical conclusion."

"This is very interesting," I murmured, taking out my note-book. "May I ask the name?"

"I call it," he said, "'The Question.' It is an almost full-sized reproduction of one of the most dramatic of contemporary events. I forget how many characters there are, and I believe I have reached the sixty-seventh Act. I don't know how many more there are to come."

"And 'The Question' is—?"

"The Fiscal Question, of course. The dialogue is crisp and amusing. Each speech runs to some fifteen or twenty thousand words, and is answered by another of equal length. I have copied them from the papers and cut them up into rugged verse. Some of them show imaginative poetry of the very highest quality, and the Spirit of the *Daily Telegraph* and the Spirit of the *Daily News* chant leading articles, the strophe and the antistrophe, in the intervals, while in the distance is heard rumbling the muffled thunder of the Spirit of the *Times*. It is wonderfully gigantesque and overwhelming and impressive; the scene is now the Council Chamber at Westminster, and the omniscient Spirits look down from the dizzy altitudes of the Press Gallery upon human—"

He seemed to have forgotten my presence, so I softly slipped away.

THE END.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.





SPORT IN THE ALPS.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

"P'TITE BLEUE."

BY

CLIVE HOLLAND.



"P'TITE BLEUE." That was her name, and nothing more. No one at Colarossi's seemed to know exactly how she came by it. Perhaps it was her eyes, which were of a cerulean hue and lit with happiness and sunshine—or so they often seemed to be. Perhaps it was the blue ribbon, matched to a shade with the tint of her eyes, which she wore at her throat. Perhaps it was even a play upon words, a *jeu d'esprit*, likening her to the telegrams which arrive at odd and unexpected moments. Who knows?

Of all the models who came to the studio none was more popular or petted than P'tite Bleue. She was so ethereal—in a word, so *petite*. For nymphs and young-girl studies there was none better. For the Venuses and Junos, or even the mondaines, one had to fly to the less-refined charms of Suzanne or Louise or Marthe.

No one knew exactly from whence P'tite Bleue had come. One morning, a Saturday in June, hot and oppressive as though a thunderstorm brooded over Mont Valerien to descend on Paris at sundown, the *maître* brought her into the studio. She was shy with that exquisite shyness which should never leave a woman when having dealings with unknown men—the timidity which, alas, so often evaporates in the atmosphere of the studio and life-class, but which, happily, never left P'tite Bleue.

The *maître*, if he troubled himself upon the point, the *massier*, and the rest of us often wondered how it was that P'tite Bleue, unless she came of a "model" stock, could pose as she did from the very first. But upon this point she was silent. If over a *café noir* at the "Taverne du Panthéon" when money was less scarce than usual, or at the "Café des Lilas" when funds were low, we asked her, she would laugh lightly and say, with sometimes a strange, far-away look in her blue eyes, "Ah, yes; I pose well because I love it. Voilà!"

P'tite Bleue was just the same to us all till Paul Angier came to the school. It was always "Bon jour, M'sieu Antoine," "Bon jour, M'sieu Edouard," or "Au revoir, M'sieu McPhail," as the case might be, and little or nothing more. But with the coming of Paul Angier, who was speedily nicknamed "M'sieu Adonis," but not contemptuously, everything seemed changed.

It became apparent to most of us that something had crept into P'tite Bleue's life which had not existed in it before. Soon it was seen that she, as it were, posed for Angier. Not that she either neglected her work or had lost interest in it; but, when posing, her eyes sought his figure in the circle of workers before her, rather than travelled, as had been their wont, over each of us in turn with mild interest or curiosity.

"The little god has been at work with P'tite Bleue," said Lorin Chivers, who came from New York; and he was right.

This strange little god is always busy in the Quarter, always waylaying the hearts of students and their *amies* along the Boul' Miché.

Formerly, P'tite Bleue, after the pose, was soon ready to wend her way down the steep and narrow stairs, and across the pebbled courtyard out into the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, and away along the Boulevard to her little *appartement* in the Rue Nicolet; sometimes she would pause to speak a word with the *massier*, who generally emerged from his den on seeing her, or, perhaps, she would stand and put a finishing touch to the hang of her veil or pose of her toque before the somewhat inefficient mirror afforded by the glass door. Now she lingered over her toilette after posing, and went away reluctantly.

Before Angier came, she had seldom waited for any of us. If anyone wanted to take P'tite Bleue to lunch at "Le Chat Blanc," or to hear the music in the Luxembourg Gardens, he had to clean up smartly and hasten after her. Now we often found her outside the dingy portal near the doorway of the little laundry, waiting—for Angier.

We used to shake our heads, for this sort of thing was quite a new phase of P'tite Bleue and upset our analysis of her character completely.

Paul Angier, whose dark eyes contrasted so with her own, and whose brown beard was trimmed with such nicety that even a woman who hated such things might have forgiven him its possession, worked hard during the *séance*, cleaned up in a leisurely manner, usually resumed his coat deliberately, and went away down the stairs almost last of all, because he knew P'tite Bleue would be waiting, and into her cheeks would come a wild-rose-hued flush at the sight of him.

At first, some of us felt jealous—not that we disliked Angier, but because P'tite Bleue had hitherto belonged to all of us, had accepted invitations to lunch, to dinner, or to Bullier on Thursday or Sunday nights with a truly royal and unspecialised graciousness. Now she simply vanished with Angier. A small, dainty figure dressed with the inexpensive grace and *chic* of the Quarter. Where they went, for some weeks none of us discovered. At first, on his entry at the school, Angier had frequented "Le Chat Blanc," the upper room of which, overlooking an

ill-paved street, is still the resort of many kindred souls. But after he and P'tite Bleue had fallen victims to the little god, whose business is said to be briskest in the fair spring-time, he no longer came there.

Sometimes—we suspected it was when Angier's funds ran low, and there are few who work and live in the Quarter with whom this never happens—P'tite Bleue would come to lunch with one or other of us, and be gay and bright and repay us by her wit and naïve criticisms of the pictures on the easels at Colarossi's, with all the time a reserve of something which we suspected she kept for Angier alone.

At length, we discovered their dining-place quite by accident.

It was a little restaurant in a narrow street to the westward of the Odéon—a place where two could dine at the price of one. Some of us went there once or twice; but both P'tite Bleue and Angier were so evidently distressed by our intrusion that we left them alone to play out their little idyll, destined to end in tragedy, amid the odours which seem inseparable from a "Déjeuner à Frs. 1.25, vin compris."

A little while, and we heard that Angier, who could paint, as we all were willing to admit, had sold a couple of copies which had been commissioned by an American tourist who had seen him at work in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, and, on the strength of doing so, he had taken a small studio far out along the Rue de Vaugirard. From that time, Angier came less and less frequently to the school; and, after the summer vacation, on our return we found P'tite Bleue gave only three sittings a-week instead of the almost daily ones of yore.

In reply to our questions, "Why don't you come oftener, P'tite Bleue? Has anyone left you a fortune?" or "Are you going to give up posing at the schools? Are you sitting to some great *maître*, P'tite Bleue?" she only smiled and said, "No, Messieurs, I am not relinquishing my work at the schools. But," with a queer, proud glance in her eyes of forget-me-not blue, "M'sieu Paul needs me for his great tableau. Ah, yes, indeed you should see it! It will obtain him a bronze at the least."

Suzanne and the rest shrugged their shoulders.

After the early part of the autumn, we seldom, any of us, saw either P'tite Bleue or Angier. At first, they occasionally came down to the "Harcourt" on the Boul' Miché, or to the less expensive "Café des Lilas," for a *bock* of an evening. Angier, evidently overworked, underfed, and worried; poor P'tite Bleue less *chic* than of yore, but neat as ever with the pathetic neatness of thinly disguised poverty. She was less gay and her eyes less bright. But to all offers of help—and there were many, for all had loved P'tite Bleue—or suggestions that we missed her at Colarossi's, it was ever the same reply, "Paul needs me for the completion of his picture. Ah, M'sieu Jean, you should see it!"

"Ah, this marvellous 'machine'!" one would reply, remembering other wonderful pictures which, when commenced, had been destined never to be finished, or had existed only in the brains of the artists themselves.

One day—it was in December, and the snow lay white in the Luxembourg Gardens and on the roof of the Palace, and less white in the streets underfoot—P'tite Bleue came back to the school. We heard someone coming slowly, almost weakly, up the steep stairs, and when the door opened near the stove it was to disclose poor little P'tite Bleue. Not the nymph-like, smiling model of yore, but the pale, thin, worn P'tite Bleue which starvation and bitter cold, and, perhaps, even homelessness, had wrought.

Suzanne was posing on the throne, the personification of well-cared-for, well-formed womanhood, partially facing the door; and so she saw, without turning her head, P'tite Bleue enter.

We were all of us too struck by the pitiful figure to say much, until

Suzanne's "Ma foi!"—expressed with all the emphasis of which the two words are capable—broke the silence.

Suzanne had always been jealous of P'tite Bleue, and, now that the class was thrown into confusion, she forgot she was posing. "Ma foi!" she repeated, "posing to M'sieu Paul Angier has done you good, and no mistake. What a *frimousse*! You had better mount up here instead of me."

P'tite Bleue said nothing. The *massier* had stepped to her side, and was conversing with her in a low tone.

"Is it possible you do not understand?" we overheard him say, whilst Suzanne regarded her erstwhile rival scornfully. "I am very sorry. We, as it happens, require a model such as you were. But"—glancing at her thin hands and face—"c'est impossible."

P'tite Bleue's lips quivered. She gave one glance at the rows of faces gazing at her pityingly from behind or round the corner of the easels, many of which were familiar to her, and then turned slowly away.

As the door closed upon her, an idea entered the *massier's* head. "Tell me," he asked, quickly, "didn't one of you fellows say that Debaudy wanted a model for his picture?"

"Yes," replied a little Alsatian named Jules Meyer, "for 'La Lutte pour la Vie.'"

"That will suit P'tite Bleue," the *massier* exclaimed, and away he rushed down the stairs. He did not return for some time, and then, when he did, we heard P'tite Bleue's story.

It was one that is by no means fresh to the Quarter. Angier had worked at what was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*; worked day and night; worked without taking heed that he was earning no money whilst his slender store was diminishing steadily if slowly. P'tite Bleue, though she must have had misgivings—for it is the woman who first knows when the cruse is running dry—backed him up loyally. At last the end came.

There was neither money, food, nor fuel. The owner of the studio was not a philanthropist, and so he turned them out.

From the studio in the Rue de Vaugirard they had migrated to a *mansarde* in a small street leading out of the Rue de Madame. Angier was ill and in despair, and P'tite Bleue had wandered in search of employment from studio to studio, leaving—for reasons of delicacy and shame—her application at Colarossi's till the last resort.

Everywhere, she had told the *massier*, the answer had been the same. Sometimes framed delicately, sometimes pityingly, sometimes with a brutal frankness which said, "Get your bones covered with some flesh and your skin less blue before you offer to pose. You should go to a clinique and pose there."

In that poverty-stricken *mansarde* in the Rue de Madame during the few weeks following her reappearance at Colarossi's, P'tite Bleue, sad at heart but uncomplaining, with the patient heroism of a woman who loves a stricken man, carried on the struggle. M. Debaudy gave her a little employment, for she filled in a gap as one of his *misérables* in the huge canvas on which he depicted "La Lutte pour la Vie" with all the naturalistic skill of his school—the pathetic figure of a starving, hopeless woman with haunting eyes.

Few of us were able to afford her much, but we did what we could. And many *bocks* were foregone to enable us to do it. Even Suzanne one day softened and contributed the highest amount of the lot, one franc, taken from the five she earned by sitting. Let us believe that it was a recrudescence of dormant feminine pity which prompted the gift, and not an admission that her rival was no longer within the field of practical competition.

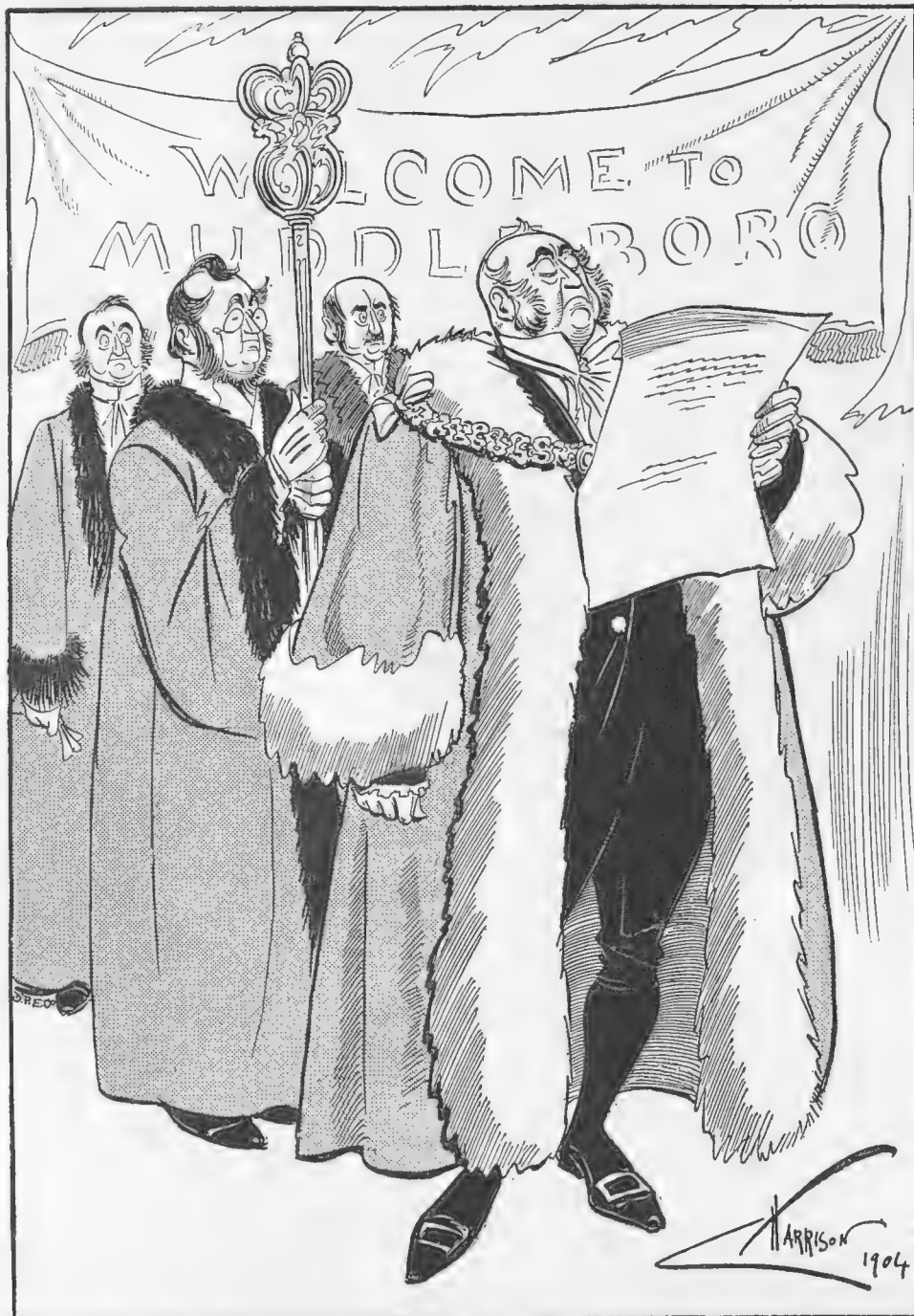
In January—quite at the end, a terrible day of gloom and bitterly cold—McPhail hurried up the stairs with the news that Angier was dead. He had gone to see him, and had found him stretched upon the wretched truckle, with P'tite Bleue weeping beside him.

"He should never have entered the Quarter," laconically remarked McPhail; "he could neither stand the racket nor the disappointment. And there are always so many easy ways out of life for those who fail therein," he added.

P'tite Bleue, gallant little soul, had fought hard; but she could not succeed in transforming a man of intentions into one of accomplishment.

P'tite Bleue! Where did she go? We never knew; she vanished after the simple funeral in an ill-kept corner of the Cimetière du Mont Parnasse, and we like best to think of her as having returned to her home amid the pleasant fields and sunny skies of Calvados, of which she spoke but once—the day Angier was buried.

'Twere best so, for he had been the grand passion of her woman's life.



STUDIES IN DIGNITY: II.—THE PROVINCIAL MAYOR.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE Répertoire Theatre, of which so much has been heard of late, is within measurable distance of accomplishment, in consequence of the enterprise of Mr. J. H. Leigh, who has bought the lease of the Court Theatre, so that he now owns three West-End houses, the Prince of Wales's and the Savoy being also his property. The Court will, during the summer, be entirely reconstructed and re-decorated for the purpose, and Mr. Leigh himself will open it with a Shaksperian play. This will, in all probability, be either "Macbeth" or "Richard III." Meantime, however, Mr. Leigh is busy with preparations for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," to be followed in due course by "Timon of Athens," which will be given in three Acts, the acting version being based on the arrangement Mr. Leigh made for his readings of this play. For this production several engagements were made as far back as last autumn.

"Cynthia," Mr. Hubert Davies's play which Mr. Charles Frohman intends to "present" later in the season, with Miss Ethel Barrymore in the chief part, is another of the home-made plays which have been tried first in America, where it was produced by Miss Elsie de Wolfe. It made no great impression, however, and was dropped by that lady. It was then produced by Miss Margaret Anglin, who won an instant success in it.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's admirers cannot help being gratified in learning that he has made an extremely great personal success in America, though the knowledge may be tempered with the regret that, in consequence of that success, he will be certain to return to the New World to reap the harvest of dollars which awaits him. "The Light that Failed" failed conspicuously in New York and in certain other cities, but it blazed vigorously in Canada. Mr. Robertson has recently produced "Hamlet," which has attracted a good deal of notice, and he is now in New York, where his season will terminate on April 2.

Universal regret has been expressed in theatrical and playgoing circles at the untimely death of Mr. Robert Taber, who, coming to London from America as a practically unknown man, rapidly gained recognition, from the managers and public alike, as an actor of distinction. He was, no doubt, helped by the fact that he spoke English with a marked lack of the American accent, and he had an admirable if not strong voice, as well as a clear-cut, handsome face.

Has the mantle of Sir Henry Irving fallen on the shoulders of

Mr. Beerbohm Tree? That question, thus curiously propounded, has been agitating the theatrical world during the past week. Incidentally, it has subjected Mr. Beerbohm Tree to not a little rough handling in the way of external criticism, to which his productions at His Majesty's Theatre have made him quite unaccustomed. Happily, Mr. Tree's position is so assured that he can afford to smile at the question, which he would be the first to declare premature, and it is safe to say, in the words of Othello, that "it has dashed his spirits not a jot." The mantle of Sir Henry Irving is happily being worn by Sir Henry himself, though circumstances have, during the last few years, conspired to keep England's most famous actor so much out of London.

A much more interesting question which playgoers generally will ask is, Has Mr. Beerbohm Tree's mantle fallen on his daughter, Miss Viola Tree, who has just made what is called her professional début with her father's Shaksperian repertoire Company in Edinburgh, where she played Viola in "Twelfth Night" to Mr. Tree's Malvolio? It was really after the heroine of this play that Miss Tree received her name, and it was understood that it was due to the circumstance that both Mr. and Mrs. Tree acted in it at a matinée at the Gaiety Theatre shortly after their daughter's birth, Mr. Tree playing the part with which his name has since been associated, and Mrs. Tree being the Countess Olivia.

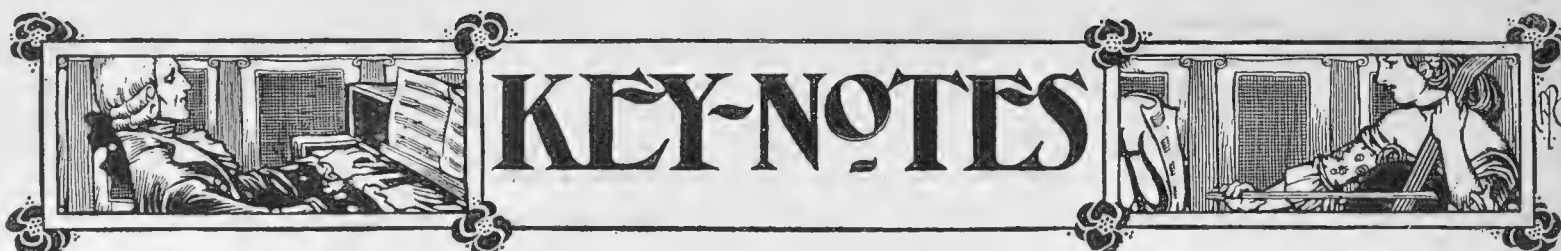
Mr. W. W. Jacobs has followed the lead of other famous writers of stories, and has been devoting himself, in collaboration with the versatile Mr. Louis N. Parker, to the writing of a long play, which will, in due course, be seen at the Haymarket. Its position on the list of the productions of Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude is, however, at present undecided. Nor will there be any immediate need of decision, for "Joseph Entangled" is attracting such large audiences, even during the present depressed condition of the theatrical world, that its popularity bids fair to continue for several months.

Mr. Frank Stayton is a dramatist with original views, for he thinks that the stage is really suffering not from a dearth, but from a plethora of dramatists, and from a dearth of managers. Already favourably known as the author of "The Dispatch Rider" and one or two other plays, he will be represented at Terry's Theatre by his comedy, "The Maid from School," when that theatre is reopened on April 2 by Miss Kitty Loftus.



A FAMILY LIKENESS: MISS AGNES FRASER AND HER BROTHER, MR. ALEC FRASER, BOTH OF WHOM ARE PLAYING AT THE ADELPHI IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



OF all the mechanical instruments now before the public, the gramophone is probably the most interesting. Its records are wonderful in their accuracy of that which runs much farther than the feats of memory. The ebb and the tide of life come and go. The affairs of men have their momentary "in-creeching and out-creeching," as Mr. Sullivan used to say in "The Belle of New York." But the gramophone continues to record those comings and goings with an accuracy which at times is almost sad. One is reminded of Gilbert's most pathetic quatrain—

The pain that is all but a pleasure will change
To the pleasure that's all but pain;
But never, oh, never, our hearts will range
From that old, old love again.

So humanity does, indeed, repeat itself; and so, in a certain sense, it may be said that Death itself has been conquered. Long after the retirement of the greatest artists of our time (of Mr. Andrew Black, of Mr. Edward Lloyd, and of many another, for example, who otherwise would be remembered only by a reputation gained from contemporaries); their work will be known and appreciated in a new no less than in a continuous spirit.

in many experiments which have proved admirably successful, and in lectures which possibly have set forth in verbal shape the very disputable theory of the essential excellence of national music. Mr. Dunn, however, plays with most singular accuracy both of tone and of instrumental feeling. He seems not to know what it is to err upon "the other side of correctness." Occasionally one feels that such absolute perfection must necessarily contain a fault of some sort—Tennyson, of course, in his "Maud" emphasised that fact with all the spirit of modernity—and I am inclined to think that Mr. Dunn has just a little hardness of touch which may account for his otherwise unimpeachable accomplishment. He never persuades you that he is indeliberate. To be artistically purposeful is evidence of extreme industry and of thorough-going sincerity; but if only Mr. Dunn would, now and then, exert a little of the spontaneity which undoubtedly remains somewhere behind in his artistic equipment, he will make his influence more definitely appealing than it is at the present moment.

Madame Annie Albu gave at the St. James's Hall last Wednesday a concert which was admirably conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald. She was assisted by the Misses Sassard and by Mr. Barton McGuckin,



AN AUSTRALIAN WELCOME: MISS ADA CROSSLEY, THE FAMOUS SINGER, ARRIVES AT BAIRNSDALE, VICTORIA.

Photograph by Alex. Ward, Bairnsdale.

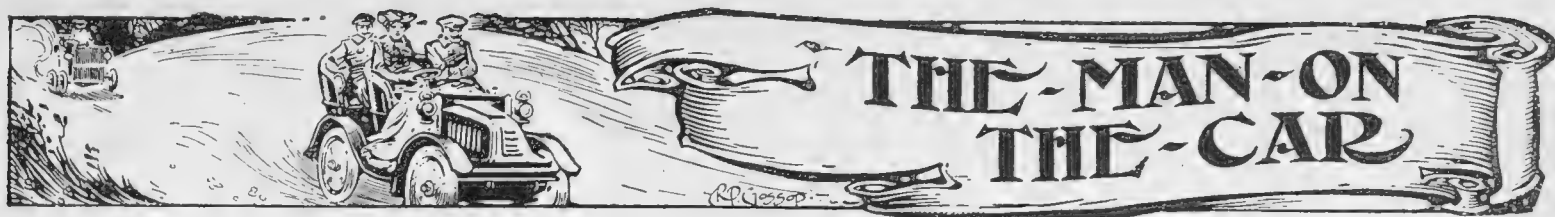
Mr. Rivarde, who is well known as a teacher of the violin at the Royal College of Music, but who is, perhaps, better known as a player of very singular accomplishment, gave a concert at the St. James's Hall last week by reason of which he gathered together many appreciative criticisms of the musicians of these days. Mr. Rivarde, in fact, plays with so fine a dignity and with so impressive a meaning in his art that it is natural for him to make a special call upon those who are for ever "spying over the fences" for some great and new thing. He played Bach with extraordinary sense of that wonderful composer's classical meaning, and his Locatelli and Wienawski were equally, in their own way, of course, moving. Mr. Rivarde knows the violin so well that, perhaps, his affection for it is not so much that of the lover, but rather that of the expert who looks down upon his instrument with a certain sentiment of command. He is, in fact, so intellectual a player that he commands his instrument rather than entangles it within his own being. There are times when exhibitions of emotion and intelligence seem to be more moving than those of pure intellect; Mr. Rivarde's concert, great player as he is, was one of those occasions.

A strange contrast to Mr. Rivarde was Mr. John Dunn, who gave an Orchestral Concert at the St. James's Hall a few hours before Mr. Rivarde's own recital. Mr. Dunn engaged a full orchestra for the concert, which was conducted by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, though Sir Alexander Mackenzie directed his Suite for the Violin, entitled "Pibroch." In this composition is to be found that actual embodiment of national music with which Sir Alexander has so identified himself

all of whom added to the dignity of the entertainment. Perhaps the best item of the concert was Madame Albu's singing of "Hear ye, Israel!" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in which she not only distinguished herself by great purity of voice, but also by just that touch of dramatic sentiment which Mendelssohn so seldom was able to extract from the singers to whom his interpretation was entrusted in his own time. Thomas's "Polacca" from "Mignon," "Io son Titania," is, perhaps, becoming rather a ridiculous item upon modern song-programmes, but Madame Albu did as much with it as most sopranos can. "The Peer Gynt" Suite by Grieg was admirably conducted by Mr. Ronald, who thoroughly realised every detail of the orchestral sentiment which is so peculiar to that Northern composer.

COMMON CHORD.

Visitors to the New Bond Street show-rooms of Messrs. Chappell and Co. have recently had the opportunity of inspecting an invention which will delight those who teach the piano, those who are taught, and those whose painful privilege it has been to listen, perhaps daily, to the "music" produced by the fingers of youthful aspirants. The "Ardeon" Piano comes indeed as a boon and a blessing, for by a simple contrivance it can be converted into a practice clavier with a toneless keyboard, or clicks may be substituted instead of tones at both the down and up motions of the keys. By means of another ingenious contrivance the weight of touch can be graduated at will, and all these advantages are combined in an instrument which takes up no more room than an ordinary piano. Messrs. Rushworth and Dreaper, of Liverpool, are the inventors and manufacturers.



Automobile Club Committee—Police Timing Methods—Running Expenses—Charging—The Kaiser's Car.

BY the time the issue of *The Sketch* for which these notes are written is published the new Committee of the Automobile Club will have been elected, and we shall all be aware of the general tone of the new body by the men who find themselves provided with seats thereon. As I write, I feel certain that the suggestion of my Lord of Shrewsbury and Talbot, to exclude every phase and tinge of the trade from the Committee, will not receive the suffrages of members. It is, I know, ill to prophesy before one knows, but I cannot believe that sufficient men capable and willing to put in the huge amount of time necessary to run the "A.C.G.B. and L.," with all its manifold works, can be found outside the trade. I do agree with Mr. Claud Johnson, the late brilliant Secretary, when, out of his own intimate knowledge of Club affairs since the beginning, he declared that he had never known a trade member of the Committee make use of his position to further business ends. Moreover, if his Lordship's proposals go through, I greatly fear the uncommercial Committee will find it difficult to obtain the services of good men from the ranks of the industry to serve on the technical Sub-Committees. These Committees cannot be formed without a liberal element of the industry—at least, if they are to do really good and efficient work.

It is quite evident to all who have followed the late cases against automobilists for exceeding the speed-limit and driving to the public danger that the expert evidence given before the Kingston and Woking Benches during the past few weeks by the Hon. Official Timekeeper to the Automobile Club has been noted and acted upon by Administrators of the Law other than those to whom it was directly addressed. I remarked a case at the West London Police Court before Mr. Lane, perhaps the best and fairest of our Metropolitan Magistrates, in which a motorist was charged by the usual single time-keeping "bobby" with having driven over a measured two hundred and twenty yards, between the Albert Hall and High Street, Kensington, at twenty-six and a-half miles per hour by "his repeater." The alleged twenty-six and a-half miles per hour nevertheless, Mr. Lane administered a well-earned rebuke to the authorities who attempt to get men fined by such fallacious means, and dismissed the charge against the automobilist on the ground that, properly to manipulate a stop-watch and correctly to check speed thereby, the timekeeper must have been trained thereto almost from infancy.

The average Britisher does like to know, you know, what things cost him or are likely to cost him, and, when contemplating the purchase of an automobile, he is very keen to discover what his running expenses are likely to run out at. In the course of a discussion on the "Cost, Care, and Upkeep of an Autocar," a member of the Scottish Automobile Club lately gave some figures which may have interest for my readers, although I consider them rather on the

heavy side. The total distance covered by the 10 horse-power car in question was 7065 miles, and the figures given were as follows: Light, oils, and grease, £3 5s. 6½d.; petrol, £22 12s. 8d.; repairs and replacements, £12 9s. 11d.; tyres, £27 15s. 3d.; sundries, licence, stabling, and washing, £14 10s. 11½d. The quantity of petrol used was 346 gallons, giving an average of 20·41 miles per gallon. In view of the somewhat heavy cost, it should be noted that the major part of the mileage was completed over Scottish roads, many of which were of the heaviest and roughest type. It is clear from the amount stated for tyres that a set had been worn out during the time, which, as tyres of good make go, with care in maintenance and control, ought not to happen. Then I consider also that twelve pounds odd for repairs and replacements is more than should be expected unless the car-owner

meets with bad luck in the shape of an accident, against which, if he is a wise man, he would be protected by insurance. The running cost per mile works out at 2·72d., say 2¾d., from which, for a car used over roads similar to those of the Home Counties, I think a penny may be safely deducted.

To get one's accumulators properly charged is always more or less of a nuisance, not only by reason of the lamentable ignorance which exists as to the proper and correct treatment of these important parts of a automobile economy, but also by the trouble in detaching them from the car and conveying them whither current is available. A well-known member of the Automobile Press saves himself much time and inconvenience by having a set of

primary cells installed in his motor-house, so that his accumulators can be freshened up constantly without withdrawing them from the box in which they are carried. I was shown this installation the other day, and found it to be four of Fuller's Bichromate Paste Cells, giving over eight volts altogether, the charging-current being four, six, or eight volts, as desired, by switching in the third and fourth cells respectively. The prime cost of these batteries and their re-charging is amply repaid by their convenience.

So delighted was the German Emperor with the comfort and convenience of the King's big Daimler car that, immediately after his first ride in it, he caused a similar body to be ordered of Messrs. Hooper, of St. James's Street, for fitting to the chassis of a 40 horse-power Mercedes. I cannot say that the outward lines of this vehicle, for which the Daimler Company of Coventry were originally responsible, are altogether admirable; but, as use and comfort were the first considerations, I suppose there is nothing more to be said. Emperor William's car, being finished in the Hohenzollern colours, will look a great deal smarter than our own King's, for, while the upper panels are finished in ivory-white, the lower ones are of a dark-blue colour, the ground-work being black and the embellishments gold, with red-leather upholstery.



MISS PAULINE CHASE, OF "SCHOOL GIRL" FAME, SIMPLY LOVES MOTORING.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Lincoln Handicap—The Grand National—The Starting-Gate—Systems—National Hunt Sport.

IT is necessary to have my final say over the Lincoln Handicap, which will, I think, produce a very fine contest. As I pen these lines, some doubt exists as to certain probable starters, but it is safe to predict a fair average field in the point of numbers. Ever since the appearance of the weights, I have, through good and evil report, stuck to Cossack and Dumbarton Castle. The first-named did not give his best running last year, but Blackwell has got him straight at last. Woolfshall may create a surprise, and a little bird whispers that Pan Michael, trained in Robinson's stable at Foxhill, should get a place. This animal was bought at the sale of the late Mr. Whitney's horses in training. He was a veritable Yellow Jack last year, but he is said to be very smart, and Robinson, who trained Clorane and Prince Barcaldine, should know how to prepare a Lincoln winner. Nahlband is very likely to win the Batthyany Plate, and Bright Magenta may capture the Brocklesby Stakes.

I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the cross-country Blue Ribbon, but, if all goes well with the King's horse, Ambush II., I shall stand or fall by him. Reports have, as is usually the case with a favourite, been rife to the detriment of Ambush II., but I am assured by one who should know that the horse was never better. He is as fit as hands could make him, and he is, in the opinion of my informant, certain, bar accidents, to get over the course this time. As a matter of fact, I take it that the book makes him out to be the certain winner of the race, although, be it understood, Mr. Mainwaring has framed a perfect handicap; but I am suggesting that Ambush II. would have won last year had he only got over the last fence. Detail is very much fancied for the race this year, and he is a good place-investment. I do hope Manifesto will finish in the first three, as he is essentially the people's horse. True, his legs are none too sound, but the Aintree course acts like magic on his running, and I should not be surprised to see him placed.

It is gratifying to be told that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are considering measures for the improvement of starting races by gate. I certainly think the system adopted in France by Mr. Richard Figes might be usefully copied in this country. Mr. Figes has an electrical apparatus by which he can raise the tape without his action being seen by the jockeys. It is, I believe, a very simple plan; and one that could be worked by a baby. Another suggestion, and a very old one from my point of view, is that a Starting Steward should be appointed under Jockey Club Rules to witness all the starts and report thereon to his brother Stewards. He ought, in my opinion, to be a paid

official, and if he could be chosen from the ranks of the Starters, all the better. Under existing rules we have seen some very bad starts, but on no single occasion has anything like a tangible explanation been given to the public—a state of affairs that, I maintain, should not exist.

Each year, just before the opening of the flat-racing, I am pestered by cranks with axes to grind in the shape of systems. True, some of these would bear inspection, but the majority are purely mythical. Writing of systems reminds me of the case of a well-known journalist, who once thought he had discovered a real perpetual-motion system by which he was to back a certain vaticinator's tips to win five pounds per day and expenses, after which he stopped betting for the day. The system went splendidly for a time, and the Bank totalled up to three hundred pounds, when a visit to the Northampton Meeting was necessary. The tipster struck an unlucky vein at the Boot Town, and gave nary a winner out of thirteen attempts. The result was disastrous to the system-monger, who lost his accumulated funds and a lot more besides. Systems are all very well so long as the sequence is not broken, but, just as it is possible for a jockey to ride fifty losers in succession, it is probable that tips will come undone a hundred times following. I once knew a backer who followed Allsopp, the jockey, on forty-two losing mounts. The backer then got tired, and Allsopp varied the monotony by being lucky enough to get home on a good winner the very next time out.

When I glance down the daily returns of races past during the winter, I feel compelled to acknowledge the futility of much of the sport, and am inclined to ask what good purpose does it really serve? Take your book of form and you will find the paucity of the land laid bare by the frequency with which many horses' names figure, not to make mention of what one might call the stock figures that are always to be found performing on this stage. It cannot be pretended that our steeplechasing and hurdle-racing tend to the improvement of the equine species; that were too wild a claim. Take the much-belauded National Hunt Steeplechase run year after year, now here, now there. Does that race serve any useful purpose? Few glorious pages lie hidden under its records. Rather are they mainly white-corpuscular, anæmic, attenuated. Take a glance across the Channel and a leaf out of the Gallic book in this respect, oh National Hunt Committee! "They order," said Sterne, "this matter better in France." He might well and truly have said it of National Hunt sport.

CAPTAIN COE.



COLONIAL "COLTS": A TEST-MATCH IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHION has changed her aspect from a frigid to a fussy exterior of late, and we are all appearing or about to appear in the softened silhouette of gathers and gaugings rather than the severer contour of pleats and hems. For slender figures the new style is infinitely becoming, but those cast in a generous mould should be wary of present fashion-plates. Tea-gowns seem the garments most sympathetic to this mode of gathers; long, sweeping folds from the waist give such becoming amplitude to tall figures and are an immediate condition of the becoming tea-gown. Gathered sleeves are not usually successful, and, in the newest French models, sleeves and wide collars rely on either embroidery or narrow pleats for their effects, gathers being confined to above and below the waist. Evening-cloaks treated in the same manner are more successful than those with overmuch gauging.

Those immense hats with greatly exaggerated veils are curiously picturesque worn in combination with these gathered garments, by the way. I walked down Bond Street behind a pale mushroom-coloured cloak some days since, evidently fresh from a master-hand, with many deftly arranged folds and gathers. The black Leghorn picture-hat that crowned its wearer bore a long veil of black Chantilly hanging absolutely to the waist, while in front fell loosely another of nearly similar length. Of course, it was admittedly *outré*, but picturesque without doubt, and anything which makes for æsthetic effect in this prosaic island should have at least a season's hearing.

"Empire" gowns are still being pressed on our notice by Parisian makers of mode, and, if women all looked as charming in this pseudo-classic style as Miss Miriam Clements in "Captain Dieppe," the

fooling? It ought to be mentioned that Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, supplied all the furniture which went to make up the charming *mise-en-scène* of both Acts.

There is one great fact which everybody feels but few will acknowledge, and that is the universal hard-uppishness which prevails



A SMART TOILETTE OF BLACK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

"Empire" gown would not want for popularity. And, apropos, was the art of the coiffeur ever more completely exploited than by Captain Dieppe in his own proper person, whose tawny "transformation" and irresistible impudence combined so well in this piece of most excellent

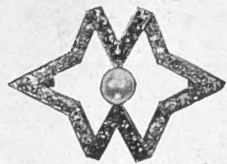


A CHARMING FROCK OF GREY VOILE.

at the present moment. Amongst landowners, on the Stock Exchange, in merchant's counting-house, between tradespeople—all classes, in fact—the pressure of recent war and a country's injured trade is everywhere apparent. The British workman and the Government official are alone, perhaps, excepted. As a consequence, expenditure is very restricted, and this acts and reacts unto the fourth generation of trading. Women feel it, perhaps, more than their lords, as their wants are more numerous. Dresses, jewels, carriages, and the other things that gild this grievous passage into the *Ewigkeit*, are fewer and more far-between than of yore. The world goes on, and appearances are kept up, notwithstanding, while we await the ultimate revival in hope. Making the best of things is a superb triumph over Fate and facts, though, and, whether it is concerned with turning a last season's dress into a new one or making an omnibus play the part of a motor, is an equally useful lesson to have mastered as occasion requires.

Messrs. Hamilton, of Regent Street—No. 202—present, in this connection, an object-lesson to many in the art of making the best of things, as they specialise in making new and delicately mounted jewellery from old and dowdy designs. I am reminded of their handicraft in having seen quite a tray-full of exquisite and elegant objects returned to a friend who recently sent them her hideous "fender" tiara and set of early Victorian "stars" to re-set. At the cost of merely new settings, old family jewels, long renowned for splendour and ugliness, can now be re-arranged into graceful and lovely ornaments by this enterprising firm, whose chief worker is a

Frenchman of accredited artistic taste, and through whom exclusive designs are obtainable whereby these old jewels may be made new and beautiful. Hamilton's have already made a world-wide name by the introduction of their celebrated "thin watch," which is the only one of reliable workmanship obtainable. They now follow up this triumph by pioneering the transformation of old jewellery into new, and, from what one has already seen of their method, the departure should be a great success and widely availed of. The illustration appearing on this page has been evolved by Messrs. Hamilton from a bracelet of 1860 of Russian design.



BROOCH OF RUSSIAN DESIGN
BY HAMILTON AND CO.

solidity. It is a daintily arranged diamond, ruby, and pearl brooch of Russian design.

By way of inaugurating the opening of some new departments and the re-arrangement and expansion of others, Peter Robinson's, with characteristic enterprise, have arranged a special sale, to take place Monday, 21st, and following days, at which, it is announced, prices in all departments will be even lower than on any previous occasion. Household linens, lace curtains, and *lingerie* will be the chief attractions at this "White Sale," and women will doubtless find it worth a heroic effort to attend. The voice of the turtle-dove and the advent of smart lace window-curtains are now due in the land, so this timely spring sale gives opportunity for securing such purchasable sweetness and light as are not available at other seasons, and for the merest modicum of outlay to boot.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ESTELLE (Chatham).—Your question bears upon a period when a certain set of shibboleths governed the outer conduct of the prim early Victorian "Miss." Some still hold fast to the relics of these departed pruderies. Still, if your husband disapproves of the later-day freedoms of cigarettes and other things to which you allude, you will be wise in not trying to educate him too hurriedly. If you want "peace" in addition to your "plenty," you will yield, but, above all, yield with a good grace. I don't think your questions come outside these pages at all. These matters come into one's day at least as much as frocks and furbelows.

SYBIL.

Miss Winnie MacEwan has just completed a charming portrait of Miss Constance Ritchie, youngest daughter of the Lord Mayor, whose marriage will take place in the summer.

Visitors to the beautiful Sussex watering-place of St. Leonards-on-Sea will find a great change for the better in the old Royal Victoria Hotel, which has been almost entirely reconstructed, and, as a result, is now one of the finest buildings in the town. A handsome south entrance has been constructed, and a feature of particular interest to invalids is that the lift (reached direct from the roadway without steps) conveys a bath-chair and attendant to the bedrooms on any floor. A splendid marble staircase gives access to the floor above, on which is the foyer, lounge, smoking-room and reading-room, and a fine new dining-room. Many other improvements have also been made, including a system of electric-lighting throughout the hotel which leaves nothing to be desired.

These gold trophies were competed for at the recent Shire Horse Show at Islington Agricultural Hall. The larger cup (valued at one hundred guineas) was won by Lord Rothschild's Birdsall Menestrel,



SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY'S CHALLENGE CUPS.

a bay stallion, and the smaller (valued at fifty guineas) by Messrs. W. and J. Thompson's bay mare, Desford Countess. They were presented by the King. Both cups were modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street.

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH SORROW'S GATES."

THE many admirers of Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire novelist, whose "Through Sorrow's Gates" has lately been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will be interested to hear that he was married last month to Miss Mabel Cottrell, youngest



MR. AND MRS. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Cottrell, of Fairholme, Cambridge Park, Twickenham. "Through Sorrow's Gates" is having a large sale, and a third edition has been called for.

"HIGH JINKS," AT THE EMPIRE.

I CANNOT congratulate the Empire upon the title of its new ballet, but this is the only fault I have to find with a really fascinating production. The title fails altogether to suggest the daintiness and delicacy that give to an hour's amusement a certain subtle quality that seems to be quite the Empire's own. Nowadays the public is said to demand the loudest, noisiest forms of stage-work; comedy tends to become farce, ballet changes to a mere medley of popular dances set to popular tunes. And yet the Empire ballet, despite that distressing title, shows clearly that, even if you do not turn great artists to the best possible use, they can redeem any style of work from the reproach of vulgarity. I am sure that Madame Katti Lanner would rather have given us another "Orfeo" or "Katrina," and that Leopold Wenzel would have preferred to write a complete score, from prelude to finale, without borrowing a note. Each is a great artist of whom London may well be proud. But the word has gone forth that the Empire must bow to the most modern crazes—and how gracefully the bowing is accomplished! "High—"—No, never mind the name; I mean the new ballet—gives you cake-walks, splits, somersaults, a *première* in riding-habit or evening-dress with flowing train, snatches of Weber, Gounod, Sydney Jones, Lionel Monckton, and Ivan Caryll, a veritable musical *pot-pourri*, and yet the *ensemble* is devised with so much grace and such practised skill that the spectator may forget how frequently ugliness has been associated with work that has the same foundation.

There is no story worth mentioning. Have not the theatres declared that music-halls must not strive to develop the intelligent interest of their audiences? But the opening scene shows the hall in a country-house, where a large party has gathered to celebrate Christmas. It is clear that a burlesque of "Faust" is presented, with Adeline Genée as a dancing Marguerite, Dolly Craske a dashing Faust, Cora as Siebel, and Zanfretta as Mephistopheles. The part of author of the burlesque is played by Fred Farren, whose dancing is really most entertaining, and that's as much as I can remember about the story of the Empire's new ballet. But a very dazzling picture remains before the eye, certain details, such as the scarlet Mephistos, whose lutes accompany Zanfretta's *pas de bourrée*, and the veiled Marguerites, being, perhaps, most distinctly enduring. Mdlle. Genée is the soul of the piece. Her hunting-dance in the opening scene is a revelation of adaptability, and her later dances show that she has not forgotten her real work, though the final *brisé* was taken too quickly for her on the first night. If all modern measures were rendered as gracefully, the existing reproach would be removed from them. For once Elise Clere has a good part and shows what a clever little artist she is, and Mdlles. Ada Vincent, Cora, and Papucci make the best of small chances and pretty frocks. Of its kind I can imagine nothing more exhilarating, modern, and, withal, refined than the Empire's latest.

S. L. B.

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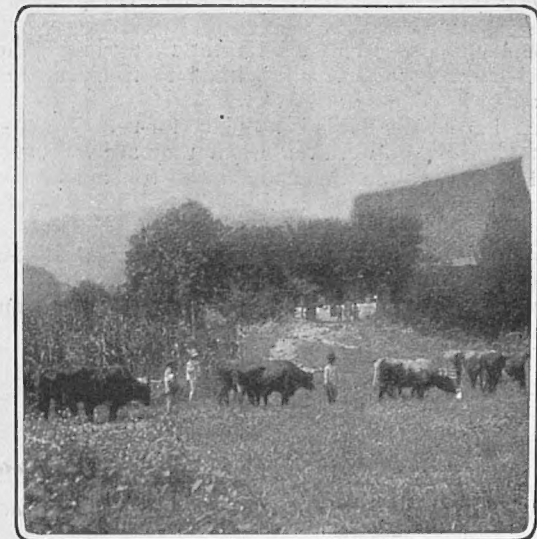
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

THE PROSPECT.

"THERE is a great deal of talk of bad times," said a big manufacturer to a friend of ours the other day, "but, except in the iron, coal, and cotton trades, and on the Stock Exchange, trade is prosperous enough," and this actually sums up the situation very tersely. As to cotton, of course, the depression

is due to natural causes increased by artificial speculative operations, while, as to iron and coal, there are explanations which have nothing to do with the general state of the country; but, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, not only is the depression abnormal, but the causes which have produced the trouble are to a great extent operative, and likely to continue active for some time to come. The possibility of cheaper money may have



IN THE NATIONAL VALLEY, MEXICO: LOOKING TOWARDS AL ABBERADERO.

some effect, but our estimate of the next few months does not encourage much hope of active markets.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations are from the National Valley of Mexico, probably the most productive district in the world. There is nothing which cannot be grown in this favoured spot, but tobacco is its chief product. Here are situated the famous plantations of the firm of Balsa Hermanos, whose "La Prueba" cigars are exported not only to Europe, but to Australia, the United States, and India. During the Spanish-American War and the troubles which preceded it, many of the best cigar-makers left Cuba for Mexico, where they still remain, and the system of tobacco-curing and cigar-manufacture which has made Havana so famous has superseded the old-fashioned procedure, so that it now taxes the skill of an expert to discover the difference between Mexican and Havana cigars. All the world knows that Mexico is the rising country of the New World, and of all its exports tobacco and cigars show the greatest elasticity. Our thanks for the use of the photographs are due to Messrs. John Ainsworth and Co., of 39, St. Mary Axe, the agents for Messrs. Balsa Hermanos in this country.

CHEAPER MONEY BENEFITS.

Go where you will at the present time to make inquiries about the state of business and trade, the same complaint is almost sure to be raised—that "there is no money about." To say that such a state is more or less chronic (according to the statements of that large majority of people gifted with what has been called "Divine discontent") does not help the evident fact that money at the present time is unwilling to embark upon fresh ventures. It prefers to remain on deposit at the banks, and refuses to be lured from thence by the attractions of the Company-promoter or the long array of cheap investments offered by the Stock Exchange. The buyer's voice is no longer heard in the land, and prices consequently go down because the principal operators are simply the sellers. But change the Bank Rate from 4 per cent. to the usefuller 3, and at least part of the money now locked up in the financial institutions—banks, discount-houses, and the like—will surely begin to flow back to the Stock Exchange. It is better to buy Consols to pay $2\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. on the money than to accept 2 per cent. or $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from banks on deposit account. Better still is it to hold Transvaal 3 per cent. Stock that yields $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and carries the Imperial Government's guarantee, while of the host of 4 to 5 per cent. investments it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Cheaper money would do the Stock Exchange a lot of good at the present time, and happily there is sound reason for thinking that the Bank may abandon her 4 per cent. rate in favour of an easier minimum.

MINING TOPICS.

Our hint the other week that the time had hardly arrived for buying Jungle shares received unpleasant confirmation in the latest Wassau crushing. It is not surprising that the West African Market should have slumped upon the poor showing of about seven-eighths of an ounce of gold to the ton, when at least half as much again had

been confidently anticipated. The Taquah group, it may be noticed, keeps steady, but some of the other Jungle specialities are getting dangerously near that state, so aptly applied to social wrecks, of being concerns with a jellified backbone. We repeat that, until more proof is forthcoming of the payability of the land, it would be better to steer clear of the Jungle.

The West Australian is a market very much like the properties whose shares it deals in—namely, pockety. Few things can be depended upon as likely to turn out sound speculative investments, although half-a-score of shares might be enumerated which pay good interest upon the money. The taint of the Associated Northern Blocks affair still hangs over the Westralian Market, and nobody can be advised to buy "Blocks" at the present price. Oroya-Brownhill are a promising lock-up, and should gradually advance to $2\frac{1}{2}$, and we admit a fancy for Lake Views, in spite of the adverse reports that are being circulated concerning the Company.

Indian Mines are once more settled down to a calmer life, and the advocates of splitting Champion Reefs are probably wondering why the price does not improve now that the operation has been carried out. The only reason we can see is that the public are buying practically nothing in the mining world, else Champions would probably move up to a couple of pounds.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber's small Son climbed into the compartment and was introduced with all solemnity.

"Dismissing the staff to make room for one of the family?" asked The Broker, airily. "Sheer nepotism, I call it."

"What's that?" The Engineer inquired.

"Another name for economy," retorted The Jobber; "at least, that's what he thinks it is."

The little chap looked from one to the other with undisguised perplexity.

"They're talking 'shop,' my son," explained his father. "Presently they will all be asking me about Kaffirs. Just you watch them."

The Merchant remarked that they were always glad to have new ideas upon any subject, however old and frayed that subject might be.

"Then it's no use applying to us," observed The Broker. "I haven't heard a new idea about Kaffirs for weeks and weeks."

"Is there any truth—?"

"Not outside the Stock Exchange," The Jobber was heard to murmur.

"Is there any truth," repeated The Merchant, "in the suggestion that these big Kaffir houses are so heavily loaded up with shares as to make them the very reverse of supports for the market?"

"It is so easy to circulate a report of that nature," The Banker considered. "I really cannot understand how the truth of such rumours is to be ascertained."

"Or the falsity of them," The Broker added. "I'm convinced in my own mind that the labour question could have been settled long ago if these magnates had liked to do it."

"That may be so. But there, again, who that is not conversant with all the ins-and-outs of the Transvaal situation can judge?"

"Well"—and The Jobber helped his small boy to squeeze one hand into a diminutive glove—"if they could have got the labour long ago, and are still content to wait for the Chinese, doesn't that rather show the big houses can stand a yet longer wait, if it's necessary?"

"There's that about it, certainly," The Engineer agreed. "But it seems to me that the investment markets offer more scope than the speculative at the moment."

"Nobody's got any money," objected The Broker. "Most of my clients with any cash at all have put it on deposit, and there are plenty of others who are in the same boat."

"No wonder they've all got the 'Blues,'" said The Jobber, gaily.

"Speaking for myself, I simply haven't got any spare money," and The Engineer tried to look miserable. "What are you up to, my little man?"



IN THE NATIONAL VALLEY, MEXICO: A FLEET OF CANOES, CARCADAS.

The Jobber's Son was fumbling in the pockets of his knickerbockers. He handed something to his father, and whispered.

"My boy begs you will allow him to offer you a small loan," said The Jobber, handing a halfpenny to The Engineer, who laughingly took it and returned the loan with the addition of ruinous interest.

"Yet it's not easy to find 5 per cent. investments," complained The Merchant.

"How about Grand Trunk 5 per cent. First Preference about par? The price has dropped from 114, you know."

"Can't say I'm particularly keen on that new Trunk Pacific scheme," The Engineer complained.

"Nobody is, but, as it is inevitable, I don't see——"

"Won't it endanger the Trunk First dividend?"

"I don't think so," replied The Broker. "My view is that the stock makes a good 5 per cent. speculative investment."

"It ought to be a cut above Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary," remarked The Merchant. "And yet the price is only about seven points less."

"Good market, that Argentine Railway," and The Broker's tone carried conviction. "Strike or no strike, the Railway stocks are going better, and so are Argentine Government Bonds."

"You always were frightfully bullish about Argentine things," The Jobber declared. "Sickening, isn't it, Jackie?"

The little chap laughed shyly, and drew closer to his father, making no answer.

"What other decent 5 per cent. investments are there?" demanded The Engineer, who seemed to be interested in the subject, despite his avowed impecuniosity.

"Gold Fields Preference pay all but 5 per cent.," put in The Jobber, who rarely lost a chance of advertising his own market.

"And Gold Trust Preference yield nearly 5½ per cent., don't they?" inquired The Engineer.

"Both somewhat speculative, are they not?" The Banker asked.

"Positive safety and 5 per cent. on your money are not entirely compatible even in these days," said The Broker.

"You regard Gold Fields Preference and Gold Trust Preference as good investments, then?"

"Speculative investments, yes," was the reply. "And there are a good many Commercial Preferences which pay about 4½ per cent. and are very sound."

"For instance?"

"Salmon and Gluckstein and Tobacco Preference are two of them."

"Both good," confirmed The Banker. "What else do you recommend?"

"Metropolitan Electric or Urban Electric Preferences and Lyons' New Preference. All likely to improve in price when markets generally take a turn."

"When Consols begin to rise, eh?" and The Merchant turned to The Banker.

"Which is not likely to happen until the Bank of England reduces its rate," said the old gentleman.

"They can't be long in doing that now, surely?" and The Broker looked appealingly at his client, who refused, however, to venture upon a prophecy as to the date.

"What would you say is the value of Consols in comparatively normal days on their 2½ per cent. basis?"

"Everything depends upon how you interpret that word 'comparatively,'" said The Banker. "But I am inclined to think Consols will rise to about 90 again in course of time."

"Jackie," observed his father, "this is no place for us. We don't care twopence about Consols, do we, even when they are very much off the top? But I'd like to see them touch the top again, if it were only for the sake of business as a whole," and he heaved a heavy sigh.

The Jobber's Son dived into another pocket. "It wants some stwing, father," he said, handing an object to his paternal relative.

The Carriage shook with delight as The Jobber opened his hand and disclosed his son's consolatory effort.

It was a tiny box-wood pegtop.

Saturday, March 12, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CU.—We have made inquiries, and find that the cause of the trouble is the maturing in February 1905 of £50,000 Debentures. It is hoped that these may be renewed, in which case the Company will not want money. The present operations are bringing a steady if quiet profit. In markets such as these there are no buyers, and hence the depression.

DEVONIAN.—The Railway is one with much stronger claims to improvement than many others—indeed, is about the pick of the basket—and the price would improve at the first sign of active markets. We advise you to hold.

NEMO.—The people whose circular you send us charge considerably more than the market-price for the bonds. It would pay you far better to buy and pay cash, dealing with reliable people like N. Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street.

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